Messengers of the Cross In Africa

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H. F. SCHMELZENBACH AND WIFE

Messengers of the Cross in Africa

By

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Woman's Foreign Missionary Society
Church of the Nazarene
2923 Troost Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

FOREWORD

DEAR NAZARENES:

Greetings in Jesus' holy Name! Since you received "Messengers of the Cross in Latin-America" so kindly, I take pleasure in presenting to you a second group of "Messengers," this time from Africa's dark shores. This is a glorious band, and I know that you will love them every one.

We hope that every Nazarene, while studying the life sketches and the pictured faces in this little book, will remember to pray daily for our "Messengers of the Cross in Africa."

May God bless you, one and all!

Sincerely,
A. N. H.

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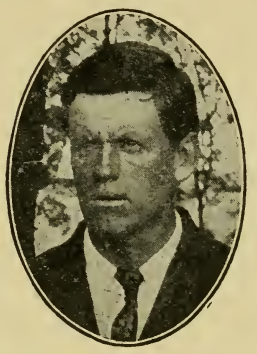
Messengers of the Cross in Africa

H. F. SCHMELZENBACH and LULA GLATZEL SCHMELZENBACH, PIONEERS IN SWAZILAND



In the long list of missionary heroes who grace the history of Nazarene foreign missions no name is more eminent than that of Schmelzenbach. How redolent it is with the matchless heroism of the pioneer! How it breathes forth devotion that is rare, faith that is sublime, and love that never fails! How suggestive it is of steep mountains scaled, of swollen streams forded, of weary miles across the bushveldt marked with blood-drops from feet that hastened in search of the sheep that was lost! Yet the name of Schmelzenbach is not always pitched in a minor key. On the contrary, it bears a glorious refrain, the song of the gleaner bringing in the sheaves, an anthem of praise for precious trophies wrested from the prince of darkness!

"For all through the mountains thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There comes a cry to the gate of heaven,
'Rejoice! I have found my sheep!' "

All this is suggested by the name. As to the man himself, twenty-one years of intensive warfare against the powers of evil in a pagan land have left their traces on his physical frame, but the fire of his ardent spirit is undimmed. The battle-scarred veteran of the Cross produces a powerful impression when he stands before an audience with outstretched arms pleading for his beloved "Africa, dark Africa," who is the man, wounded and bleeding, cast out on the highway to die, and to whom Schmelzenbach must minister if he would pay the debt that he owes his Lord. The map of the years made memorable by the struggles of the pioneer is traced upon the missionary's face while, with unaffected simplicity, utterly oblivious of self, he pours forth his message with impassioned eloquence, so rapidly that the speaker's breath is scarcely able to keep pace with his words.

Amazing dynamic energy, coupled with an implicit confidence in God; a burning zeal united with an unswerving purpose; and a great heart of love that is boundless as the ocean, radiant as the sun, compassionate as the Nazarene's, and steadfast as the love of Jacob for Rachel; love that is Spirit-inspired, a divine passion which lavishes all the wealth of its matchless devotion upon God's "other sheep" in "Africa, dark Africa!" Such is Schmelzenbach, the pioneer missionary of Swaziland, in the opinion of the British Government of South Africa the greatest missionary in all Africa since the days of Livingstone!

Harmon F. Schmelzenbach is a native of northern Ohio, born September 27, 1882, of pioneer parents who were converter from Catholicism to the Methodist faith when their son was a small child. Bereft of both parents when eleven years of age, the lad was early thrust out in the world to take care of himself.

At first a Catholic farmer offered the orphan a home, promising to look after his education. The promise failed to materialize, for at the end of four years young Schmelzenbach had realized neither schooling nor wages for the hard labor exacted from him. Accordingly he ran away from the farm when fifteen years old, and soon found employment in a pottery at East Liverpool. Being industrious, capable and energetic, the lad prospered. Before he was twenty-two he sported a diamond ring and a lodge pin, and was active in base-ball and other athletic sports.

During these early years Harmon Schmelzenbach attended church services frequently, but was apparently unresponsive to spiritual influences. The depths of his soul had never been stirred. But in 1905 a gracious revival broke out in Carrollton, Ohio, under the ministry of Rev. Dick Albright. Although the whole town was stirred, young Schmelzenbach was outwardly unmoved. For three long months he resisted the Holy Spirit which was driving conviction deeply into his soul. No doubt the arch-enemy was aware of the tremendous dynamic forces hidden under the youth's modest exterior, hence was loth to relinquish his hold. But the Spirit also continued to strive. Little by little the young man cut the shore lines which bound him to his worldly life. First the diamond and the lodge pin were discarded, then his base-ball and sporting togs followed suit. Finally, in a Methodist revival meeting, the proud heart yielded to the Holy Spirit's wooing, and H. F. Schmelzenbach was gloriously saved. Three weeks later he was sanctified. Simultaneously with this second experience he recognized a definite call to the ministry. His spiritual nature, heretofore dormant, had been touched with a holy fire which at once began to glow and scintillate with an intensity which proved to be the foregleam of his brilliant career on the foreign field.

Always prompt and vigorous in action, the new convert at

once began to preach on the streets and to plan for a revival meeting. Although his independent action was condemned by the church authorities, a number of souls were saved in the young enthusiast's first meeting.

Realizing his need of an education, in 1906 Harmon Schmelzenbach entered the Bible School at Peniel, Texas. But he was not permitted to tarry long. After fourteen months of intensive application he heard the Spirit calling him to Africa. Like a trumpet blast it sounded in his soul an imperative summons that could not be disregarded. It is characteristic of the man that, although cautious in ordinary matters, when the Lord's call is clear he moves quickly in response, and no earthly influence can move him from his purpose. So urgent was the call on this occasion that he did not wait even for the end of the term, but packed his trunk for an immediate departure. Friends of the school rallied to his aid and pledged $200 per year for his support on the field.

In June, 1907, the ardent missionary set sail for Africa. On board the steamer the traveler found a congenial band of missionaries; among them Miss Lula Glatzel, whom the Lord had been preparing through the years to become his true yokefellow and life companion.

Lula Glatzel was the daughter of godly Christian parents. From childhood she was spiritually inclined, and was confirmed in the German Lutheran church when twelve years of age. She was reared near Baltimore, Md., and after moving to the city she attended both Methodist and Presbyterian Sunday schools. At the age of sixteen she was sweetly converted. Previous to that event, contrary to her godly mother's admonitions, Miss Lula had conceived a great fondness for the dance, and was secretly cherishing an ambition to perfect herself in the art with a view of becoming a professional. Needless to say, after the Lord claimed her for His own, the dance lost its appeal.

In its place a new ambition flooded the young girl's soul, a consuming desire to serve her crucified Redeemer.

One year later Miss Glatzel was sanctified wholly. As in the case of Rev. Schmelzenbach, her call to Africa came on the same night that she was sanctified. Like his, her "call" was clear and imperative as a bugle call to arms. Nothing doubting, the young girl began at once to make preparations to attend school. Having no funds, she was compelled to step out by faith, depending upon the Lord to see her through. He led her to God's Bible School at Cincinnati, and raised up friends who supplied her every need. After two years in the Bible School Miss Glatzel returned home to prepare for sailing. She was still walking by faith, and again the Lord did not fail her. The same friend who had financed her through school paid her passage and furnished her first year's support.

So it came to pass that on the morning of June 18, 1907, this devoted young woman, only twenty years of age, found herself on board the Durham Castle, approaching Port Elizabeth in Africa. The happy missionaries grouped around her were eagerly scanning the shore-lines of the dark continent. One of the most enthusiastic was H. F. Schmelzenbach. It was a part of God's plan that these, His "called-out ones," should meet on ship-board. With so much in common, what better opportunity than an ocean voyage for the fellowship so auspiciously begun, to ripen into a closer and holier bond?

The first months at Port Elizabeth were marked by severe testings which taught the young missionaries to lean very heavily upon the Divine Arm, but on June 19, 1908, just one year after their arrival in Africa, they were united in marriage in the home of one of the missionaries.

Immediately they started inland, and spent the next two years in Natal, studying the Zulu language, and serving as associate members of the South African Compounds and In-

terior Mission. The first baby, little David, was born at Escort, Natal, among the Zulus.

Although God's blessing attended them, the missionaries found their labors among the natives handicapped because they were not supported by any church organization recognized by the authorities. Also the field in Natal was well covered by missionaries of various denominations, while it was the Schmelzenbachs' earnest desire to open work in some region which had never been touched by the gospel. Such a condition existed in Swaziland, and its burden weighed heavily upon the missionaries' hearts. Consequently when they learned that they had automatically become members of the Church of the Nazarene through the affiliation of the Peniel church and college with that body, and that they had been duly appointed missionaries for the church, the news was hailed with delight as a direct answer to prayer. Although the church was not able, at that time, to furnish funds for the opening of a new mission, the resolute missionaries had provided for such a contingency.

From the very beginning of their married life, they had religiously hoarded all gifts and love-offerings, managing to subsist on Rev. Schmelzenbach's $200 yearly allowance. With an additional contribution from Miss Innis, they assembled $700. A wagon with a span of mules was the first purchase. Into it the missionaries packed their few belongings, with a slender supply of provisions. Then, with baby David and Billy, a Zulu boy, on a lovely morning in October, 1910, they climbed on board and started on that first memorable trip to Swaziland, 1,500 miles over mountains and rivers, with no roads and no bridges. Their capital was small, but the brave missionaries happily proceeded on their way, trusting the Lord, who had never failed them, to provide for their needs.

The story of that trip is already familiar. The many difficulties surmounted, the dramatic crossing of the river, when

the discouraged donkeys tried to drown themselves, the long waiting upon the Swazi Queen, and her final consent to open mission work on her territory, are all described in fine detail by Sister Schmelzenbach in the African Nazarene, also The Other Sheep (1928). At last, in 1911, our missionaries were permitted to set up the banner of the Cross in Swaziland, a region which proved to be, in very truth, virgin soil for the gospel seed, a place where raw paganism prevailed, untouched by the refining influences of civilization.

Seventeen years have passed since their entry into the land of the Swazies, during which these devoted pioneers have labored side by side. Together they have borne the burden and heat of the day, toiling with their hands, preaching, teaching, ministering to suffering bodies, visiting in the kraals, and trekking over mountain and bushveldt, planting everywhere the blood-stained banner of the Cross!

A woman of rare courage and fidelity, Sister Schmelzenbach carries her full share of the burden. In unselfish devotion and achieving faith the equal of her brilliant husband, she supplements his passionate intensity with a dignity and poise which is a safeguard to both, while it carries her safely through every emergency. In addition to her labors as a missionary, this elect lady has also carried the responsibilities of motherhood all through those early years of pioneering, amid a pagan people, without the comforts of civilization, and often without sufficient nourishment. Four tiny graves under the trees in Swaziland, waiting for the resurrection morn, eloquently hint of the price often paid by our missionaries on the field! Also six living children grace the family circle with bright promise. The three eldest, David, Elmer and Ruth, are in school at Nampa, all planning for missionary careers in Swaziland. Paul, Dorothy and Naomi are still with their parents in Swaziland.

The limits of this short sketch will not permit a survey of the wonders wrought by the Holy Spirit in dark Swaziland during the seventeen years since the Schmelzenbachs pre-empted its territory for the Lord. Suffice it to say that other devoted missionaries have joined the pioneers, a goodly number of them, so that where once the darkness of pagan gloom prevailed, the gospel now dispenses a lovely radiance, and the desert begins to blossom as the rose. Meeting houses dot the bushveldt, schools are established, and the beautiful Fitkin Memorial Hospital, like a beacon set on a hill, dispenses its healing rays from Bremersdorp. Best of all, whereas, seventeen years ago not one native in all the territory had ever heard of the gospel, now two thousand bear glad testimony to the power of Jesus' blood to cleanse from sin and to transform the life, and still they are coming to the Fountain seeking to be made whole!

Truly the hand of the Lord has been with these glorious missionaries through the years, and their work is yet only in its beginning. Brother Schmelzenbach had determined never to return to the homeland. Once when granted a furlough, he assisted with the packing, adroitly managing to assemble his own personal belongings in one receptacle. Assisting his family on board the outgoing steamer, he tenderly embraced his wife and babies, then hastened back over the gang plank to his post on the dark continent and to his helpless charges there who needed him more than did the dear ones who, with bitter tears, were sailing away from him for a time. The good missionary has shed more tears during his enforced furlough (1928) than in all the twenty-one years in Africa, because his heart is wedded to his beloved flock in dark Swaziland. It is his supreme desire to spend his entire life on African soil, and to be found there with his trophies when the Lord comes to claim His Bride.

ETTA INNIS SHIRLEY

The good ship which carried H. F. Schmelzenbach and Lula Glatzel to Port Elizabeth, South Africa, was richly freighted with devoted missionaries. One of the number was Miss Etta Innis who has been associated with the Schmelzenbachs since the beginning of the Swaziland work. Like her companions, this elect lady is a true pioneer, a woman of remarkable courage and initiative, who has not hesitated to brave the perils and discomforts of native life amid pagans of the grossest type, in order that she might win some of them for her Lord.

Etta Innis is a native of Indiana, born in 1876. Her childhood was spent on a farm, without church privileges of any kind, but when she was seventeen years of age, some holiness preachers conducted a tent meeting near her home. Miss Etta, with a group of friends, attended the meetings, at first attracted thither by curiosity, but the young girl soon yielded to the Spirit's conviction. After a severe struggle she received the assurance of sins forgiven. At the same time she realized a call to the ministry and to the foreign field. Since she was born into the kingdom under holiness preaching, the new convert followed on to know the Lord, and was soon sanctified wholly. At this time the Lord plainly indicated Africa as the field of her future labors. Although many years elapsed be-

fore the way was opened for her to leave the homeland, Miss Innis never for a moment lost sight of her "call."

Eleven years of pastoral work occupied her time until June, 1907, when at last she was permitted to step on board the same steamer that was carrying the other future pioneer missionaries of Swaziland to South Africa. Recognizing in the young missionaries congenial spirits, Miss Innis kept in touch with the Schmelzenbachs during the first three years in Natal when all three were working as associate members of other missionary organizations. But when the Schmelzenbachs were accepted as missionaries for the Church of the Nazarene, she was glad to be included with them. She contributed to their fund for opening the new work in Swaziland, and joined them very soon after they settled at Peniel, remaining with them at that station during the first year. Those first months brought severe testings of faith and patience, for the prejudice and suspicion of the natives were encountered at every turn. But the missionaries kept bravely at work, visiting in the kraals, telling the story of Jesus, and ministering to suffering bodies, until at last, after sixteen months of incessant labor, the first fruits were garnered when a woman and her young daughter accepted Christ!

About this time at Popenyaan—now called Grace Station —seventeen miles from Peniel, twenty children were ready to attend school. Since the missionaries' salaries were pitifully small, they had no money to erect buildings even of the meanest sort. So, in order to open up this new work, Miss Innis lived in a native kraal, *as a member of a native household* for almost a year, until she managed to save enough from her meagre salary to build a hut for herself! The occidental mind can

scarcely conceive of what it means to actually live in a heathen kraal, to sleep on the dirt floor and eat native food as the natives eat it, surrounded by filth and squalor and unspeakable conditions on every side! With no white people within several miles, weeks often passed in weary succession during which the brave missionary was not favored with the sight of a white face or the sound of a word in her native tongue! At first she was ignorant of the Swazi language, and, of course, the natives could not speak a word of hers. But she was fortunate in having a remarkable teacher, a native girl who, though ignorant of the first rudiments of schooling, was possessed of a native wit all her own. This girl would kneel on the floor of the hut and trace pictures on the sand with her finger to make the missionary understand what she wanted to tell her. Then they would go out together among the bushes and pick up one object after another, the girl speaking the name of each, and teaching the missionary how to say it! In this manner Miss Innis learned the Swazi language!

She remained four years at Grace Station, and she declares that, although in many ways the hardest, they were "the most momentous and the most profitable" years of her life in Africa. She gained an insight into the native life and character that could be acquired in no other way. Also, if the truth were known, no doubt this experience was more potent than any other one influence in breaking down the native prejudice against the missionaries in Swaziland. For it is the personal touch which counts most of all in Missions, especially among the uncivilized races. No matter how barbarous a people may be, they resent a patronizing attitude, but few can long resist the gentle and intimate touch of sincere love from a Spirit-filled heart. The personal touch has always been a conspicuous

feature of the Schmelzenbach ministry, as indeed of all missionaries who succeed in winning souls. It is a special gift of the Spirit which shines with a peculiar lustre in our missionaries on the African field, for the natural heart does not love the unlovely. It requires a degree of heroism to even endure personal contact with the raw heathen in his uncouthness, his filth and his nakedness, all so repugnant to refined sensibilities. But to *really love* these people requires more than heroism. It requires a special anointing of the Holy Spirit which floods the soul with a love that is more than human—the divine love of God "who so loved the world [in its sin] that He gave His only-begotten Son." Surely the picture of Miss Innis living with the natives in their kraal reminds of the blessed Savior who took upon Himself the likeness of sinful men and "humbled Himself" among them that "they through His poverty might be made rich!"

It is but natural that such a ministry is crowned with the salvation of precious souls, and it is not strange that Dr. Hynd writes of Miss Innis, "The story of her life in Natal, and the lonely pioneer work which she did in the Pigg's Peak District of our work would make a good second to the story of Mary Slessor of Calabar!"

In 1916 Miss Innis was sent to the site now known as the Fitkin Memorial (or Camp) Station, to pioneer a new work. Her school children from Grace Station helped to clear the ground for the Mission Home. The new work was hard at first, but persistent prayer, and preaching, and kraal visiting prevailed. After a few months, people came to the Lord and children were started in school. Later the first Fitkin Memorial Hospital was built at this place, but it is now occupied by the Boys' Training School. While stationed at this place, Miss Innis became acquainted with Rev. H. A. Shirley, whose sketch follows.

REV. H. A. SHIRLEY

This good missionary is a native of Indiana, born of old-time Methodist parents of the spiritual type. The son was converted at the age of sixteen, but by yielding to worldly influences he relapsed into a backslidden condition for a time. After graduating from high school he left home to seek his fortune in the Northern Pacific states. While not so successful in the pursuit of wealth as he desired, he was led to seek the Lord anew, and the joy of his salvation was restored to him. A fight with carnality followed, but after his return to Indiana he sought and obtained the blessing of a clean heart. Even before he was reclaimed, the young man was troubled by an impression that the Lord would call him to the foreign field. After he was sanctified this conviction was deepened until one night he was wakened suddenly by the Spirit who made it so clear that the Lord's "call" was to Africa that he dared no longer question.

In preparation for his life work, young Shirley attended God's Bible School in Cincinnati for a time, then engaged in pastoral work until the way was opened for him to sail for Africa.

He left New York in August, 1911, and landed at Durban, Natal, in September. One year later the new missionary was married to Miss Edith Winder, and together, in 1913, they took up work (under the International Holiness Mission) in

Swaziland at a point not far from the Peniel Nazarene station. A son, Floyd, was born to them at that place.

In 1915 these good missionaries were transferred to the Church of the Nazarene, and stationed at Peniel with the Schmelzenbachs. Soon after their arrival Mrs. Shirley gave birth to a little daughter, after which she contracted malarial fever which caused her early death. Friends cared for the children, but the baby girl, after lingering almost a year, slipped away to join her mother in the spirit world. The little body was buried in the same grave with the mother—the first Nazarene grave in Swaziland. Mrs. Shirley was a sweetly consecrated young woman, and her loss was keenly felt by her associates. The bereaved husband, notwithstanding his great loss, continued his work on the field.

For three years he labored alone, ministering at Grace Station during a part of that period. But in October, 1918, he persuaded the veteran missionary of rich experience, Miss Etta Innis, to add his name to hers, and thus she became Mrs. Shirley.

Two years later they moved to the Transvaal to open a new work at Sabie. Their efforts at this place were greatly blessed of the Lord. Also, in January, 1920, a little son, Millard, came to cheer his fond parents and brighten their home. In 1923 the Shirleys were granted their first furlough. With the two children, the missionaries reached the homeland in time for the General Assembly. They thoroughly enjoyed every day of their sixteen months sojourn in the United States, visiting churches and assemblies, and mingling with God's people. Sister Shirley remarks, "Although seventeen years had wrought many changes, the holiness people were just the same."

In 1925, with little Millard, the missionaries returned to the field, leaving Floyd with Mr. Shirley's sister to attend school. Upon their return to Africa, the Shirleys learned that

the Council had transferred them to Stegi in Swaziland where Miss Pelley's famous dispensary is located. At this place Brother Shirley operates a printing press, publishing a little paper in Zulu and another in Shangaan, besides all song-books, booklets and tracts used on the field, also the Africa Nazarene. The missionaries also have nine outstations under their charge. So they are kept busy and happy in labors abundant. Quoting Sister Shirley, "We are doing our best to get these dark-skinned folks to understand that God loves them and that Jesus is their Savior."

MRS. LILLIAN COLE SHORT

The friends of Miss Lillian Cole picture her at the time of her departure for Africa as a beautiful girl of charming personality, blessed with a sunny disposition and a winning smile. Her career may be likened to that of a bird of passage, for while she is a native of New York state, she has flitted from place to place, lighting at one time in Vermont, at another time in Ohio, dipping into Massachusetts, New York and Rhode Island, and migrating across states to Oklahoma. Her longest flight was across the sea to Africa, where she made her habitat for eight years, but since her return to the United States her flittings have been so erratic that it has been impossible to reach her with a request for biographical data for "Messengers of the Cross in Africa." Consequently this life sketch must be fragmentary and incomplete.

At least a part of Lillian Cole's girlhood was spent on a farm in the hill country of Vermont. During this period, in her early teens, Miss Lillian became a bit reckless, and altogether worldly, absenting herself from church for two whole years. But she had a devoted Christian brother who never ceased to pray for his sister's salvation. In January, 1907, his faithful intercession was rewarded when the young girl—then eighteen—yielded to God and was genuinely converted. Her heart was often grieved by her tendency to weaken under severe

testing until seven years later when, in January, 1914, the Lord sanctified her and set her feet upon the Rock.

Previous to this experience, in 1911, the Lord, in a vision, offered Miss Cole her choice of a "home life, professional life, or a lonely life on a foreign shore." The "foreign shore" appeared hardest, but since the Lord indicated it as His choice for her, and since He attached to it His promise, "I'll be with you every step of the way," she accepted the hardest choice. Her parents strongly opposed the suggestion of the foreign field, but Miss Lillian had cherished missionary dreams when a tiny girl of five years, and after her vision it became the only desire of her life to obey the call of God.

She was already under nurses' training, so she proceeded to complete her preparation for pioneer missionary work. After graduating from a four years course at Taunton State Hospital, Taunton, Mass., she added six months post-graduate work at Boston City Hospital, and four months post-graduate at the New York Hospital. Next followed a one year's course in Theology at the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute, North Scituate, R. I. Then our bird of passage flitted westward to Bethany, Oklahoma, where she united with the Church of the Nazarene in 1915, and graduated from the missionary training course at the Oklahoma Holiness College, May 25, 1915.

Thus thoroughly trained and equipped, Miss Cole was ready and eager for active service. But transportation was tied up by the World War. The perils of an ocean voyage were so great that other missionaries were compelled to wait until 1919. But our bird of passage in some way effected a flight across the perilous deep in 1917! How it was accomplished we know not, surely not by aeroplane, and scarcely by submarine, but certain it is that the Lord steered His missionary's flight across the troubled waters, over the treacherous monsters hidden under the sea, and He landed her safely in Swaziland, where the

overworked pioneers, the Schmelzenbachs, Miss Innis, and Rev. Shirley, received her as a ministering angel. And a ministering angel the new missionary surely proved to be, with work to be done on every side, so many sick people in need of her healing touch, kraals to visit, dark places to brighten with her winsome smile, sad hearts to encourage by her cheery presence, puzzled students to help with their ba, be, bi, bo, bu, and, best of all, the sweet old story of Jesus and His love to tell!

Even in Africa Miss Cole maintained her role of bird of passage, flitting hither and yon wherever most needed. And in very truth her services were needed everywhere, for in those first years she was doctor as well as nurse to both missionaries and natives. In 1919 Miss Rixse found her at the Fitkin Memorial Station teaching in the Boys' Training School, caring for the girls who had found refuge in the Girls' Home, and attending to the sick, all at the same time! In 1920 she nursed Mrs. Penn through her critical illness. In 1922 she ably assisted Dr. West in the care of Miss Minnie Martin who was in the hospital suffering from a complete physical breakdown.

In 1923 Miss Cole is discovered at a new outstation in the Transvaal, in company with Miss Maud Cretors. Here the two women have all kinds of work to do, from preaching the gospel to hanging doors and cooking in an iron pot over an open fire. In this place Miss Cole conducts a school under a wide-spreading tree, where she explains the mysteries of letters to the black herding boys who come to school with their cattle and goats and donkeys—and occasionally pigs—following on behind, like Mary's little lamb diversified and multiplied! A bit irregular perhaps, but the missionaries are in a new place, and they must first win the respect and affection of their people before imposing upon them any strange, new rules of conduct.

Thus, while the missionary's hands and heart were busily

engaged with nursing, and teaching, and visiting, and evangelizing, and minor tasks without number, the days, and the weeks, and the months, and the years slipped by, until Lillian Cole had served eight years in dark Africa! The time had come when our bird of passage must spread her wings for the homeward flight, this time accompanied by Mrs. Minerva Marshall and the three eldest Schmelzenbach children, David, Elmer and Ruth, who were coming to America for their education. The party reached New York in August, 1925.

Since her return to the homeland our bird of passage has taken unto herself a mate and changed her name to Mrs. Lillian Cole Short. May the Divine Presence overshadow her and continue to guide her course over the rough sea of life, and wherever she may build her nest, may she continue to shine for Jesus as she did in Africa!

MISS MINNIE C. MARTIN

Minnie C. Martin was born in Ashland Co., Ohio, but her childhood and youth were spent chiefly in western Kansas and Oklahoma. Her parents were godly people, active in Christian work. Her mother was a deeply spiritual woman whose prayer life exerted a potent restraining influence over her daughter during the entire period of her young life. During their residence in Kansas the Martin family attended the Methodist church, and after their removal to Oklahoma, the Congregational church. Minnie enjoyed a happy, care-free childhood, attending the public schools, and taking music and painting lessons. She loved books, and counted it a calamity to lose a day from school. She was not privileged to continue her education through high school because her mother, whose health was frail, needed her help in the home, caring for a large family on a farm. Dearly as she loved school, the young girl loved her mother more, and in serving her, became proficient in all housewifely tasks, including sewing.

During her early years, the good daughter was always found in her place in Sunday school and church services. She served as organist, and engaged in various church activities for years without a definite experience of salvation. She mingled with gay, worldly young people, but resisted the temptations to dance and play cards, because she "could not trample on moth-

er's heart." In response to mother's prayers also the Holy Spirit never ceased to strive in the daughter's heart, filling it with an unsatisfied longing for salvation. During an attack of typhoid fever, in her delirium she realized her lost condition. After her parents were sanctified and joined the Methodist church, conviction deepened in Miss Martin's heart. The pleasures of the world lost their charm, and she began to seek the Lord in earnest. Her struggle was long and severe, but finally, after a sleepless night, she wakened her parents at early dawn to pray with her. Kneeling about the family altar, they poured out their hearts before God. The Holy Spirit came, and Minnie Martin rose from her knees "a new creature in Christ Jesus." She looked out upon a world that was glorified with a new vision and a new objective. Eighteen months later, under holiness preaching, she was convicted of her need of a clean heart. After another severe struggle, Miss Martin died to self, and was gloriously sanctified.

One year later the family moved to a new location where they became affiliated with the Church of the Nazarene. About this time the Lord began to talk to Miss Martin about her future service for Him. He held before her a vision of the shore lines of dark Africa, lined with dark-skinned people with hungry faces, "stretching out their hands for the Bread of Life." Miss Martin was willing to obey the call, but since her health was very frail at that time, she could scarcely believe that the Lord really wanted her in Africa.

She entered the new Bethany-Peniel College before the doors were hung. With a curtain for a door and a box for a wash-stand, she applied herself to study. The school year was crowned with blessing, but still she hesitated about the "call" to Africa. After a time the Lord repeated His call more definitely. Convinced that she had grieved Him by hesitating so long, Miss Martin confessed her fault, and yielded herself unreservedly to the Master's will.

Two profitable years in the Kansas Holiness Institute (now Bresee College) followed, during which Miss Martin completed her Missionary Training Course. Then, although her health was still frail, she sent her application to the Missionary Board. Since the outbreak of the World War delayed action, the ambitious missionary improved the time of waiting for appointment by taking a course of Nurse's Training. She completed the course and was duly registered in 1916. In the same year she renewed her application to the Missionary Board, and, to her great joy, both she and her friend Miss Eva Rixse were accepted. Personal friends had already promised Miss Martin's transportation, and her support for a time. But the eager missionaries were booked for a long series of disappointments, for distressing war conditions hindered their departure for Africa until 1919. However they sailed on the first boat that went through after the cessation of hostilities!

After a royal welcome at Cape Town, the missionary party, consisting of Miss Martin, Rev. and Mrs. Penn, Miss Lovelace and Miss Rixse, traveled to Barberton by rail, and thence by horse-back the long trip over the mountains to Swaziland! The moment of arrival Miss Martin declares was the happiest of her life.

After three months at Peniel with the Schmelzenbachs, studying the language, Miss Martin and Miss Rixse were sent to Grace Station where Etta Innis Shirley had pioneered alone in a native kraal. Here the new missionaries were busy in school work, ministering to the sick, and kraal visiting, beside the usual preaching and evangelistic services in which a number of precious souls were won to Jesus.

At the end of the first year Miss Rixse was transferred to the school at Peniel, while Mrs. Marshall was sent to assist Miss Martin. The two missionaries labored together in beautiful harmony for one year, but Miss Martin's health failed

under the strain of overwork complicated with malaria. For a whole year she was laid aside at the old Fitkin Memorial Hospital, carefully tended by Dr. West and Miss Lillian Cole. This time of affliction proved to be a season of great spiritual blessing, during which the Lord laid upon the frail missionary a burden for the Girls' School at Peniel, convincing her that this school was the place He desired her to serve. After special prayer and anointing, the Lord honored the missionaries' faith, and Miss Martin's strength was gradually restored. At the next assembly she was appointed to take charge of the Girls' School, a task which was considered the hardest on the field.

For three years the faithful missionary ministered to the souls and the bodies of these outcast African girls, laboring almost day and night. Her love for them was so great that she would gladly have died for them, and when the time for parting came, it was like tearing her heart out, for they seemed to be a part of herself! Although her furlough was past due, and her strength again spent, Miss Martin still lingered on the field, but she was transferred to Sabie in the Transvaal, to teach in the school there.

After a few months of intensive service at that station, the cable call for retrenchment sounded its death knell across the waters! Miss Martin's name was on the list of the recalled. With many tears and prayers, the stricken missionary tried to make her preparations to obey the orders of the Board, but she was hindered from time to time. But finally the Lord assured her that He would return her to the field better equipped for service than before. So, with a heavy but grateful heart, Miss Martin said farewell to the dear ones in Africa, and sailed for the homeland, January 15, 1926.

During the two years of her furlough she submitted to a serious operation, spent three months in review work in hos-

pitals, held meetings and attended assemblies. Then, after a long wait, her heart was rejoiced by the glad news of her appointment to the new hospital at Bremersdorp! Joyfully she sailed from New York, November 2, 1927, and reached Bremersdorp December 20.

Needless to say, our missionary is happy and blessed in the new hospital, with nurses Dora Carpenter and Sarah Munro, working under Dr. Hynd. She is "in the center of God's will, the sweetest place in the world," and Africa seems "like heaven." One of her own dear girls from the Peniel School is her trusty helper in the hospital. The supreme desire of Miss Martin's heart is the privilege of remaining on the field until Jesus comes!

ORA VICTORIA LOVELACE

Miss Lovelace is the efficient principal of the Boys' Training School at the Fitkin Memorial Station near Peniel, Swaziland. She is a native of Des Arc, Mo., where she was born March 6, 1888, and was converted and sanctified in 1905, when seventeen years of age. During her childhood she received no instruction along missionary lines, neither did she hear any stirring appeals from missionary workers. Nevertheless, two years after her conversion, the Lord himself began to talk to the young girl about Africa. Many hours she spent in her closet weeping and communing with God, until He led her to understand that she was a chosen vessel set apart for work on the foreign field. At this crisis in her experience, Miss Lovelace attended a camp-meeting conducted by Rev. and Mrs. E. P. Ellyson. During the progress of the meeting the divine "call" in her heart became more clearly defined, although no reference to Africa was made in any of the sermons. Finally, after a missionary address by Dr. Ellyson, she yielded herself to the will of God, and the question was settled. Miss Lovelace has never doubted the genuineness of her "call," and to her it has always been most sacred. From that hour all her plans were formulated with reference to Africa.

When she first made her application to the Missionary Board, and learned of the long line of applicants waiting for

appointments, she became a bit discouraged, but decided to hold herself always in readiness, while improving opportunities at home, so that when called to account before God, she could truthfully say, "I did my best to reach Africa."

Miss Lovelace received her education and training at the Missouri Holiness College at Des Arc, spending six years in that institution, finishing with the two years English Theological course. She graduated in 1913, then spent seven months in the Trevecca Hospital at Nashville, Tenn. This added to her equipment the elementary knowledge of medicine and nursing which is such a valuable asset to a missionary.

Since the World War began about the time Miss Lovelace finished her schooling, the way to Africa did not open for her until 1919. But she sailed on the first vessel that went through, in company with Miss Martin, Miss Rixse, and Rev. and Mrs. Penn. The missionary party reached Peniel, Swaziland, June 20, 1919.

After a few weeks of language study, Miss Lovelace was appointed to the Girls' School, where she served as teacher and principal for about three years. In 1923 she was transferred to the Boys' Training School, to take Miss Rixse's place as principal when Miss Rixse left for Lourenco Marques to study Portuguese.

Since no biographical data for this study sketch has been received from Miss Lovelace, the missionary's personality must be drawn from deduction, a task not so difficult as might be supposed.

The position of principal and teacher in a training school for evangelists and native workers in a pagan community is no easy task. Into her hands is delivered the raw material, hewed so recently from heathenism, from which must be builded loyal, devoted Christian characters, real "messengers of the Cross" who shall preach the unsearchable riches of

Christ" to others still bound in darkness! Truly a task which requires faith and patience, fortitude and vision, together with a love that knows no bounds.

The principal of such a school must surely be Spirit-filled, for her burden is too heavy for human strength to sustain alone, and her problem is too complicated for human wisdom to unravel without the aid of the Spirit who understands the secrets of every human heart.

The principal must be a woman of initiative, original and resourceful, able to adapt her teaching methods to the needs of untutored minds. She must also be a woman of poise and decision, to discipline with a firm but gentle hand these untamed children of the wild.

She must possess the gift of spiritual discernment, with a keen insight into human nature, and she must be endowed with rare wisdom and tactfulness in dealing with individual problems.

Miss Lovelace has herself likened the training school to a "melting pot" which receives its raw material from various tribes, Swazies, Shangaans and Zulus, all with peculiar tribal customs clinging to them, and all schooled in lying, trickery, witchcraft, and heathen immorality. To correct evil tendencies born of life-long associations, to elevate the moral standard of her pupils to the New Testament plane of living, to keep a strict guard over their social contacts, love-making, etc., and to gently reprove personal faults, such as laziness, dirty habits, or tardiness—all these form a part of the principal's task, and they surely require a degree of sanctified tactfulness which few women possess.

But in addition to all these lovely graces, the teacher-principal must be blessed with an overflowing measure of that Christly, God-given love which can shut its eyes to all that is uncouth and revolting in her "raw material," while she sees

only the precious souls as they *will be* after they have been transformed by the Spirit and refined in the "melting pot." Then, above all, the teacher-principal must be a woman of prayer! She must live in close communion with God so that she can draw responses from the skies, while she is leading her pupils into a like fellowship with God.

Ora V. Lovelace has been filling the exacting requirements of her difficult position for five years, and with remarkable success. Hence it is safe to conclude that she possesses all the qualifications enumerated. This conclusion is confirmed by a careful study of her contributions to The Other Sheep and the Africa Nazarene. Between her lines may be detected the missionary's modest personality, with self entirely lost in her devotion to others and her passion for lost souls.

When the news of the retrenchment of 1925 reached her station, Miss Lovelace was one of the first to join the Prayer and Fasting League and to introduce it among the "boys" of her school. When orders came to reduce the number of native workers, with breaking heart, she sent an eloquent protest to The Other Sheep.

The quality of her love appears when she refers to the unlovely and repulsive features of African heathenism. She declares, "Nevertheless, for them (these unlovely ones) our hearts break, and our deepest emotions are stirred." Then she adds, "Oh, yes, it is worth living for, and dying for—if need be—to see the transforming power of the gospel in such lives!"

Again the missionary's devotion is manifested when, in response to an emergency call for a sick child, she quickly dons her riding-habit, mounts Dick, the old mission horse, and happily canters over the Swaziland hills under the light of the silvery moon, with "millions of twinkling stars" lending their tiny tapers to light her way!

Miss Lovelace is a strong preacher of the Word, and much given to prayer. It was she who induced her boys to erect the famous Prayer Hut to be used exclusively for intercessory prayer. She did this so that the student evangelists might learn "the greatest lesson of life," the secret of prevailing intercession. The story of the wonderful week when a continuous volume of prayer ascended from that humble hut night and day, of the glory that hovered over the mission station, and the mighty revival which followed, is already familiar to the readers of The Other Sheep.

With such a teacher as Miss Lovelace it is not strange that the students of the Boys' Training School grow in grace and in wisdom, developing into stalwart, devoted, loyal Christians whose holy lives, sacrificial spirits, and intense evangelistic fervor have attracted the attention of other missions, causing them to wonder, and to inquire as to the secret!

EVA ELIZABETH RIXSE

(It is a matter of regret that no biographical notes have been received from Miss Rixse. This incomplete sketch is constructed chiefly from items in The Other Sheep, and, as in the case of Miss Lovelace, Miss Rixse's personality must be glimpsed between the lines.)

Eva Elizabeth Rixse was born in Arkansas City, Kansas, and educated at the Kansas Holiness Institute and Bible School (now Bresee College) at Hutchinson, Kansas. She graduated from that institution with honors, May 31, 1913. She was much loved by her associates in Hutchinson where she was employed for a time in a Rescue Home.

Her "call" to the mission field came to her in 1910, during her student years. It was clear and convincing, as in the case of all Nazarene missionaries in Africa. She never entertained a doubt concerning it. Miss Minnie Martin was a fellow student in the College, and the two, having so much in common, became intimate friends. In 1916 they went together to the Missionary Board to present their applications for missionary work in Africa. To their great delight, both were accepted. But the great war was raging, so, like many others, they were detained until 1919. Then, on a bright May morning, the two friends joined Miss Lovelace and Rev. and Mrs. Penn on board that famous "first boat" that ploughed through the briny deep after the armistice was signed. June 20, 1919, was

a memorable day to Rev. and Mrs. Schmelzenbach when they were privileged to greet the five new missionaries so well equipped, and so eager to help them in the battle against the forces of darkness in Swaziland!

After a few weeks at Peniel, Miss Rixse, with Miss Martin, was sent to Grace Station where they administered the affairs of the mision in all its departments, including evangelism, school and medical work. At the end of the first year Miss Rixse was transferred to the Boys' Training School at the Fitkin Memorial, or Camp Station. The "boys" at that time were housed in a little grass-covered hut made of wattles and mud, and measuring 8x12 feet. Miss Lillian Cole was in charge, and Sister Schmelzenbach was teaching the Bible classes. The new teacher, with her limited knowledge of the language, at first experienced some difficulty with the pronunciation of her pupil's peculiar names, but amid her strange surroundings she felt perfectly at home, because of the assurance in her heart that she was "in the center of God's will." She was soon made principal of the school, and for three or four years faithfully labored with her budding evangelists, teaching them arithmetic and reading and the catechism, also the more difficult lessons of punctuality and obedience to rules.

But in 1923 a new problem was presented to the school. Rev. and Mrs. Jenkins had been sent to Portuguese East Africa to pastor the new work in Gazaland recently taken over by the Church of the Nazarene. The missionaries found untrained workers in charge of all the outstations. So they determined to arrange for the future education of their evangelists at the Training School in Swaziland. This arrangement made it necessary for some teacher to study Portuguese, in order to obtain a government certificate so that she might instruct the Shangaan boys in the language of their own Province.

To Miss Rixse the task seemed a formidable one, but the Lord laid it upon her heart so that she dared not disobey. The same burden was carried by Sister Jenkins. So the two missionaries rented a little room in Lourenco Marques in which they practically buried themselves for fifteen months, studying night and day. Oftentimes the midnight lamp flickered with a feeble glow, nerves were worn and brains were weary, while the time dragged by with leaden feet for the homesick missionaries who were longing to get back to the work they loved so well. But their perseverance was rewarded in November, 1924, when both successfully passed the government examinations, and were presented with the "blue slips" which permitted them to teach Portuguese on Portuguese territory.

Upon her return to Swaziland, Miss Rixse found many changes in the Training School. Miss Lovelace was in charge, and a very efficient principal she had proved to be. The school had moved into the old hospital building, which seemed very commodious and elegant in comparison with their former crowded quarters. The boys had built sleeping rooms for themselves, and had been taught to keep them in order. And, most wonderful of all, the institution actually boasted *a dining room,* with *genuine enamel plates* to eat from in place of the black iron pots formerly used! Progress seemed to be the watchword in the vicinity of the Training School! New pupils had arrived, increasing the enrollment to from twenty-five to thirty, and a native teacher was instructing the children and lower grades. The standard had been raised, requiring the students to reach the fourth standard when possible, because the native evangelist must teach the school at his outstation, in addition to preaching and pastoring his flock. Miss Rixse was reinstated as teacher and made head of the new Portuguese department. Three Shangaan boys from Lourenco Marques were her first pupils.

Eva Rixse is a missionary of rare ability, a strong and beautiful character, distinguished by her deep piety and her Christly humility of spirit. She is a favorite with all who are associated with her. Miss Lovelace and Miss Rixse labor together in beautiful harmony, in co-operation with the Holy Spirit who transmutes their "raw material" into saints of God with His glory in their souls and its radiance streaming from their faces.

The labors of these missionaries are not confined to school routine alone. They are also responsible for the evangelistic work in their station and its outstations. In fact preaching, and conducting services are staples of missionary service. Both teachers of the Training School are able preachers. It is the custom for the missionaries to hold a few days' meeting at each of their outstations in preparation for the annual meeting which convenes at Peniel. This often involves long mountain climbs, by steep and perilous paths, sometimes in darkness, and again by the light of moon and stars. But the missionaries are well repaid for their labor and pains as they watch the dusky faces light up under the inspiration of the gospel songs, when they listen to glowing testimonies, and especially when kneeling penitents spring to their feet with shining faces, praising God for deliverance from the fetters of sin! The teachers of the Training School are eminently successful in their evangelistic work.

Miss Rixse, like Miss Lovelace, is a woman of prayer. When the little prayer hut was erected, she was selected to enter first to offer the dedicatory prayer, which indicates that she has learned the secret of prevailing intercession.

Busy and happy in the Lord's service, the consecrated teachers improve every golden moment with labors abundant, and when the day is done, with grateful hearts they turn their weary steps homeward, not to a comfortable heated flat, but

to a rough, grass-covered hut, built like those of the natives, only taller and with door and windows. If the day has been cold and wet, the interior will be chilly, and they will find their shoes and clothing damp and moldy in the morning. Nevertheless, to the missionaries, this humble dwelling is "Home, sweet Home," while the chilliness and the mildew are only samples of those "light afflictions" which are working out for them "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!"

Such is life at a Nazarene mission station, and happy is the church which is represented by missionaries like Ora Lovelace and Eva Rixse.

REV. J. F. PENN and SUSAN H. PENN

These worthy missionaries were reared in the Southland in Christian homes.

J. F. Penn was born in 1886. In his early years he attended public school and the McDonough Institute at La Plata, Md., also the Randolph Macon Academy at Front Royal, Va. He gave his heart to the Lord Jesus when a small child, and was sanctified at the age of eighteen at a holiness campmeeting, under the ministry of Rev. James M. Taylor. The lad immediately began to take an active interest in city mission work, conducting services, visiting at the jail and poorhouse, and helping in street meetings. But, although his father had always expected his son to become a preacher, the young man was not clear in his own mind about his call to the ministry until two years after his sanctification. In the meantime, he completed a course in the Piedmont Business College at Lynchburg, Va. He also served for a time as billing clerk in an office, and accepted a position as bookkeeper at Roanoke.

But before leaving Lynchburg, young Penn earnestly besought the Lord to reveal His will definitely, so there might be no mistake, promising to accept a call to the ministry without question if that should be the divine order. The Lord was not slow in granting his servant's petition. Very soon after the young man started to work at Roanoke, two business men who were strangers to him sent for him to meet them at their office. To his great surprise, they offered him an opportunity to study in the Bible Training School (now Trevecca College) at Nashville, Tenn. The lad accepted the offer as from the Lord. After he became a student in that blessed institution, the uncertainty in regard to his call to the ministry soon gave place to a settled conviction that the Lord was calling him, not only to preach, but also to minister in far distant Africa! And all the while another of God's "called-out ones" was also patiently waiting for an opportunity to carry the gospel message to dark Africa!

Susan H. Penn was reared in a Christian home in Westmoreland County, Va. During her childhood she spent much of her time with her grandmother, who was a Methodist of the old-fashioned type. The saintly character of this good woman left an indelible impression upon the mind of her young granddaughter.

The father of the family died when Susan was eight years old. He left his widow an income upon which she managed to maintain her family of seven children, but there was little left for education outside of the public schools. But Miss Susan was ambitious and energetic. As soon as she was old enough to teach she passed the teacher's examination. After two years in the school room she invested the money saved from her earnings in a two years' course at the State Normal. Two more years of teaching followed, then one blessed year

in the Literary and Bible Training School (Trevecca) at Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. Penn was converted when eleven years of age. For a time she strayed from the fold, but at the age of eighteen she was reclaimed at a holiness campmeeting, and a few days later she was sanctified wholly. The next year the young teacher heard E. Stanley Jones (then a student at Asbury College) deliver a sermon on foreign missions which deeply stirred her heart. The Lord at once began to talk to her about her future, leaving no doubt in her mind that He desired her to work for Him on the foreign field. Although friends opposed, the young Christian whispered "Yes" to the Spirit who called, trusting Him to work out His purpose in His own way. This decision was made in 1903, but, as in the case of Rev. Penn, she was detained in the homeland many years, waiting for an opportunity to enter the foreign field.

Since she had received no definite call to the ministry, Mrs. Penn sought to prepare herself for special work on the field by taking a course in nurses' training. To this end, she entered a hospital in Washington, D. C., in 1910, graduating in 1913. She then practiced nursing in private families until 1916 when she married Rev. J. F. Penn, whom she had met at Trevecca College several years before.

Both were already well equipped for missionary service, the husband as preacher and pastor, and the wife as teacher and nurse. Nevertheless, because of war conditions, three more years were spent in pastoral work before the door to Africa was finally opened for them. Their first son, Joseph, was born in 1917 at a country charge in southern Maryland.

It is said that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," but Rev. Penn and his good wife were steadfast and loyal, patiently waiting God's time. And, true to His promise, the Lord honored their faith. In May, 1919, they were permitted to sail

to the dark continent, arriving on the field June 20. During the nine years that have intervened up to date (1928) they have rendered continuous service, proving themselves true missionaries.

They were allowed little time to study the language, for after only ten weeks on the field the new missionaries were stationed at Pigg's Peak, with only a native helper, and no language teacher! However, the Lord in some way supplied the deficiency, and they managed to make the natives understand. A second son, Daniel, came to the missionary home March 4, 1920.

In 1922 the good missionaries were transferred to Grace Station to take up the work which Miss Martin was obliged to leave on account of a physical breakdown. At this place they were seriously handicapped by sickness. A little daughter, Marian, was born June 8, 1922, and the little boys, Joseph and Daniel, were both sick unto death with malarial fever, but prayer prevailed, and God in mercy restored the little ones to health. Sister Penn was deeply touched by the unaffected sympathy manifested by the heathen people during this time of affliction.

In 1923 the missionaries were again transferred, this time to Sabie, Transvaal, where they have spent five profitable years laboring with their hands, preaching, teaching, visiting, and ministering to suffering bodies and sin-sick souls in the countless ways which suggest themselves to the devoted missionary. Their last child, Sylvanus, was added to the family circle March 6, 1924.

During their nine years of service these faithful missionaries have been subjected to severe tests. Problems have been grappled with and discouragements that were not expected have threatened to overwhelm, but the holy presence of the God who called them has comforted, and sustained, and guided

through the years, so that even when the battle has raged most fiercely, His grace has been sufficient. True messengers of the Cross, Brother and Sister Penn have never regretted their call to Africa, but, with grateful hearts, they are continually giving praise to God for the privilege of ministering to the "other sheep" in the dark continent.

REV. CHARLES S. JENKINS and PEARL MAY JENKINS

These splendid missionaries are natives of New England. Charles S. Jenkins, born January 7, 1893, at Lynn, Mass., was reared at Bradford, a suburb of Haverhill, Mass., where he successfully passed the grammar grades, graduated from high school, and completed a course in business college.

The lad never enjoyed the advantages of a Christian home, for his mother was a Spiritualist and his father an unbeliever. Nevertheless, when he was seventeen years old, while attending business college, he found the Lord in a Baptist revival meeting, and was blessedly saved. A few months later, in response to the Lord's call, the young convert entered the Gordon Bible College at Boston to study for the ministry. His student years at Gordon were made memorable in more ways than one, for there it was that the "call" to Africa sounded in his soul that imperative summons that could not be mistaken. At Gordon also he discovered Miss Pearl Kent, who had recognized the mysterious "call" to Africa before he met her. To her he plighted his troth before leaving college. He

graduated in 1913, then went to Colby to complete his preparation for the Baptist ministry.

With a clear-cut experience of salvation, a definite "call" to Africa, and engaged to the most wonderful girl in the world, surely this young minister had much to praise God for! Yet he felt a distinct lack in his spiritual life, a nameless longing after more of God which he did not understand, and which drove him often to his knees. But the Lord is quick to respond to the heart cries of his children, often in ways that are unexpected. One day Charles Jenkins received from his fiancee a letter freighted with a message of unusual importance.

Pearl May Kent was reared in a humble Christian home near Lyndon, Vt. She was dedicated to God before her birth by a godly mother who had once cherished missionary aspirations for herself. During the greater part of her young life Miss Pearl lived with her grandparents who were devout Christians of the pioneer type. With painstaking care they instructed the little one in Bible lore, and explained to her the way of salvation. She accepted Christ when thirteen years of age. While with her grandparents Miss Pearl attended grammar school and high school three miles from home, boarding out during the winter months, working for board and room, and walking the long distance in summer.

After graduating from high school Miss Kent planned to attend business college so that she might be able to aid her parents financially, but the Lord changed her plans. Instead of taking a business course she entered the Gordon Bible College at Boston. There she received her "call" to Africa, and there also she met the good man who was destined to be her life companion on the foreign field. Miss Kent and Mr. Jenkins were both Baptists, consequently, in their student days, not familiar with the Wesleyan doctrine of holiness.

While her betrothed was pursuing his studies and pastoring

a Baptist church in New Hampshire, Miss Kent entered the Cambridge City Hospital for nurse's training. After six months in the hospital an attack of scarlet fever laid her aside for two months. Upon her recovery, being discouraged over the loss of time, and studies to be made up, the young nurse left the hospital and went to the home of Mr. Jenkins. His mother (who had been blessedly saved some years before) advised Miss Kent to finish her training at the Haverhill City Hospital. The suggestion was acted upon at once. In this way Miss Kent was brought in touch with Miss Agnes Gardner, our Nazarene missionary from Western India, who at the time was serving as assistant superintendent of the hospital. From Miss Gardner the young nurse first heard of scriptural holiness. Together they attended the Church of the Nazarene of which Rev. W. G. Schurman was pastor. Miss Kent was soon convicted of her need of heart cleansing. Strange to say, the last thing which she laid upon the altar of consecration was the man whom she was expecting to marry! She imagined that he would oppose the new doctrine, and would no longer want her for his wife. The struggle was a severe one, but finally this last and dearest treasure was surrendered, whereupon the Lord gloriously flooded the suppliant with Himself and with the assurance of full salvation. Immediately she despatched the important letter to her lover, informing him of her new experience, and offering to release him from their engagement, if he so desired. Instead, a prompt reply assured her that "this thing you call sanctification" was no doubt the very thing that he needed and had been longing for! A few days later the young Baptist minister came to Haverhill for his Christmas vacation. With his sweetheart he attended revival meetings at the Church of the Nazarene, knelt at the altar, and at his first service was sanctified wholly, December, 1914! He continued to work for a short time with the New Hampshire Bap-

tist Convention, but transferred his membership to the Church of the Nazarene in Haverhill, Mass., in September, 1915. Miss Kent had taken the same step a few months before.

In October of the same year Rev. Jenkins was assigned to his first Nazarene pastorate at Milo, Maine. When the new pastor reached his charge, he found "eight whole members waiting for him!" Although prospects were not flattering, the lovers were married six months later, April 19, 1916. Having completed her hospital training, Miss Kent had been nursing in private homes for several months before her marriage.

The young couple spent their honeymoon in attendance upon their first Nazarene District Assembly, where the bride presented herself before the Board of Examiners and was granted a deaconess' license. At the next assembly in 1917, Rev. C. S. Jenkins was ordained by Dr. Goodwin, and his wife was consecrated to the work of a deaconess. They served the Milo church until late in 1918. Then, thinking that the time was ripe for their departure for Africa, they resigned their pastorate. However, war conditions caused a delay of several months, during which the missionaries were occupied with pastoral and deputation work.

Finally their patience was rewarded. On June 3, 1920, the happy missionaries were permitted to sail from New York, arriving at Cape Town June 30. They reached Peniel, Swaziland, July 12.

After short terms at Peniel, Sabie, and Stegi, Brother and Sister Jenkins were stationed at Manjacaze, Gaza, in Portuguese East Africa, in April, 1922. Mission work had been started in that territory two or three years before by native workers from the Lehman work on the Rand, but since it had no supervision except when Rev. Lehman visited it once or twice a year, the new missionaries found many difficult problems to deal with. It was necessary to acquire two new

languages, since the natives in Portuguese East Africa speak Shangaan instead of Zulu, and the Portuguese government allows no one to teach in Portuguese territory without a government certificate, which can be obtained only by passing the government examination in Portuguese. Realizing the necessity of training their native workers, Mrs. Jenkins undertook the stupendous task of mastering Portuguese. In company with Miss Eva Rixse, she spent fifteen months at Lourenco Marques, studying night and day to win the coveted certificate which would mean so much to the Manjacaze work. This was no easy task, since it involved a long separation from her husband and the work, but the Lord helped. The examination was successfully passed November, 1924, and the happy missionary was presented with the "slip of blue paper" which authorized her to open a school on her mission station.

Ever since that date, Brother and Sister Jenkins have been employing their brilliant talents and their splendid energies in intensive labor for the Master in their difficult field. Under their able administration the Manjacaze work has been built up and prospered in all of its departments. In addition to the central station, Brother Jenkins supervises twenty outstations scattered over a large territory, with traveling facilities of the poorest. He is also editing a little paper in the native Shangaan. His good wife is employed in the school room six hours each day, and since Brother Ferree has been transferred to the Rand, she has charge of the medical work, treating from ten to twenty patients daily. They also support a Girls' School which is superintended by Miss Tallackson, an associate missionary.

Our representatives in Portuguese East Africa are not carried on flowery beds of ease. They labor under conditions which, to the American flat-dweller, would seem unbearable. The home of these precious missionaries is not equipped with

modern conveniences. It is a simple, grass-roofed affair, a native hut, enlarged, it is true, with doors and windows, but not proof against the dampness of the rainy season, and open to the deadly mosquito, with its poisonous sting. Consequently, our missionaries, in that malarial climate, toil much of the time under the handicap of physical weakness. Malarial attacks are of such frequent recurrence that the missionaries have long ceased to be alarmed by them, although Brother Jenkins was ill for eight months in 1924, and when complicated with other ailments, the disease often proves fatal. This chronic malarial condition is a serious menace to the lives of our missionaries. It subjects them to an endurance test which only the strongest can long survive. Unless a suitable home can be provided for these devoted workers, their career may be cut short in its wonderful beginning, which would be a heart-breaking disappointment to them and an unspeakable loss to the work. For, after eight years of unbroken service in Africa, six of them in Portuguese East Africa, Brother and Sister Jenkins are not longing for a furlough, and to be "recalled" would be, in their estimation, the greatest calamity possible. They are willing to endure untold privation for the privilege of remaining on the field. Brother Jenkins writes, "If we are ever granted a furlough, I will have but one aim in view, and that will be to get back!"

In 1922 Mrs. Jenkins pleaded through The Other Sheep,

"Please do not think of asking us to take a furlough before 1930, and not even then if our health will permit us to remain longer. We *are afraid* to come home *for fear we shall not get back.* The Lord did not call us here just for a few years, *but for life!*"

And under date of April 27, 1928, Rev. Jenkins declares. "Africa is my home, these are my people. My whole heart cries out saying, 'Anywhere, providing that it is forward. Deeper into Africa, deeper into the hearts of its people.' "

MISS LOUISE ROBINSON

This charming missionary is the child of pioneer parents. She was born in a little log cabin in the woods near La Center, Washington, so far from the busy world of affairs that, in early life, she was practically denied church privileges of any kind. In all her childhood the little girl "scarcely ever heard a church bell ring or a sermon preached."

However, Miss Louise was ambitious and enterprising. She managed to attend school, working her way until she finished high school. While still a student in high school, she strolled out into the country one Sabbath morning in search of a bit of variety. The Holy Spirit was guiding the young girl's footsteps, although she knew Him not. He led her to a little Baptist church where, during the service, some word was spoken that lodged an arrow of conviction in her heart. From that moment she began to realize her need of God. After a time, in 1911, Miss Robinson sought the Lord in a revival meeting conducted in an old schoolhouse. She traveled the old-fashioned route of confession and restitution, and was rewarded by the Spirit's clear witness of forgiveness and salvation.

After graduating from high school, Miss Robinson taught in public schools four years. Then, in 1915, the Lord called her to preach the gospel, and at the same time He opened the way for her to enter the Nazarene College at Nampa, Idaho.

The college was then in its infancy, but it afforded Miss Robinson excellent opportunities to work her way through college. The ambitious student served the school in almost every capacity, "from that of janitor and cook to that of teacher, and manager of the club, and matron of girls." She graduated with honors in June, 1920.

Unlike many missionaries, Miss Robinson was very slow in settling the question of her "call" to Africa. She wished to be doubly sure that it was really God who was talking to her. Finally, upon her knees, alone, in the music studio of Northwest Nazarene College she promised the Lord that "from that time on and forever" she would surrender herself to Him for Africa. Immediately the sanctifying fire fell upon her soul with power and great glory.

The Nampa church and the Idaho-Oregon District furnished their own missionary's equipment and passage, and they have continued to support her on the field through the years. In the fall of 1920 she sailed from New York and reached Africa in time to eat her Thanksgiving dinner on "a little hot South African train" enroute from the Cape to Swaziland. The dinner consisted of "half a cooky and half a cup of black tea in a dirty white cup." Frugal fare indeed! Nevertheless, it was well seasoned with sincere thanks and praises to God for the glorious privilege of serving Him in dark Africa.

The new missionary was first stationed at Sabie, Transvaal. There she served faithfully, and joyfully, for four "wonderful years." Then, in 1924, she was sent to Peniel to superintend the Girls' Training School. This school was originally a girls' home, opened to care for unfortunate girls who have been "wendisad," or sold in marriage without their knowledge or consent. Girls who have been thus sold can never become Christians unless they can escape from their keepers, and find refuge in some mission station. The blessing of the Lord has

favored the institution from the beginning, and it has now developed into a Girls' Training School for Christian workers. Other Christian girls beside those in the "wendisa" class are now admitted to receive training for special work for the Lord. After training, some of the students evangelize or teach, and many of them become the wives of native evangelists or preachers from the Men's Bible Training School.

Such an institution requires a superintendent of unusual versatility and resourcefulness, for she must be to her girls more than teacher and supervisor. She must be also mother, and nurse, and counsellor, and friend. She must instruct them in the elementary branches, both in English and in Zulu, direct their Bible studies every day, and teach them gardening and housework and needlework. Above all she must rejoice with them when they rejoice, and weep with them when they weep, and be able to lead them safely in the narrow path to higher, and still higher attainments of grace. Miss Robinson has charmingly filled all these requirements, consequently her success has been phenomenal.

The school and home now shelter sixty girls, less than one-third of whom receive support from the homeland. All of the girls are saved, and most of them sweetly sanctified. How are the two-thirds who receive no support provided for? Through the self-denial of teacher and pupils. Miss Robinson cheerfully subsists on native food, while her girls cut their slender rations, and make room in their crowded quarters for the newcomers. The love of Christ constrains them, and the shine on their faces indicates how happy they are in their unselfish service, even though the health of all suffers from the unsanitary conditions.

But the success of this splendid missionary is not measured by numbers alone. Rather it is evidenced by the spiritual atmosphere which pervades the school, the gracious revivals

which break out spontaneously from time to time, and the harvest of precious souls gathered in from the outstations.

In addition to her school girls, Miss Robinson supports a personal family of orphans and outcasts, eight in number. She is also helping a number of young men to prepare for the Men's Bible Training School. Surely a heavy task for one lone missionary! Yet, with a heart overflowing with heavenly love for her Lord and for her precious charges in Africa, with her soul fairly bubbling over with praise and thanksgiving to God, Louise Robinson is supremely happy and content with her lot in dark Africa. She is a living demonstration of the Scriptural injunction to "rejoice evermore." That her Christly optimism is transmitted to the girls under her care is plainly evident in a recent kodak picture which reveals their smiling faces grouped around their beloved teacher.

During Brother and Sister Schmelzenbach's absence from the field, the brave missionary is left alone, so far as white neighbors are concerned, and with added work and responsibilities, but she writes gaily,

"I am still happy, and since a hundred natives live here, and I have such a fine little gentleman as Paul Schmelzenbach (twelve years old) to live with me, I do not know that there are no other white people for miles around. *The black people are so much more to me anyway*, and I love to be busy, so everything is coming on fine, and souls are being saved."

So great is Miss Robinson's enthusiasm that she declares, "Africa is all I see, and her people are, to me, the most beautiful of all the tribes of earth!"

Truly an expression of "Love Divine, all love excelling" that Love that "never faileth!" Such zeal and devotion cannot fail to win the favor of God, consequently Louise Robinson's ministry will not cease to find its rich fruition in the salvation of immortal souls.

MRS. MINERVA BELLE MARSHALL

Mrs. Marshall's story is unique in the annals of foreign missions. Although she was definitely called to the work in early girlhood, she was detained many years in the homeland, hence did not reach the foreign field until more advanced in years than the average missionary. Nevertheless, her service has been of superfine quality, and of untold value to the Nazarene work in Swaziland.

"Mother Marshall," as she is affectionately termed by her pupils and associates in Swaziland, is the daughter of sanctified parents who religiously trained their children for God's service. Their little home was like a sanctuary situated in the beautiful hill country of western central Maine, where Mt. Abram and Mt. Blue, Saddleback and Tumbledown lift their lovely peaks heavenward, reminding the devout soul that God's protecting care surrounds His people "as the mountains are round about Jerusalem."

Cradled and reared in such a holy atmosphere, little Minerva's spiritual and aesthetic natures developed naturally, as a flower opens its petals toward the sun. She intelligently accepted Christ as her Savior when nine years of age, and never failed to testify to His saving grace on every suitable occasion. The child early developed a bright mentality, for she taught two country schools before she was fifteen, in addition to carrying her own studies through country school and at a

college preparatory school at Strong, Maine. The family then moved to Franklin, Mass., for the sake of better high school advantages for the three children, Minerva and her two brothers. The daughter completed the high school course, graduating at the head of a class of thirteen. After graduation she taught a number of terms in graded school in Franklin.

In the meantime, at the age of sixteen, the young girl was sanctified wholly at the Douglas Holiness Camp. After this experience she found God's grace sufficient to carry her through high school immune from the temptations to worldliness which appeal so strongly to young people of high school age.

Two years after she yielded herself wholly to Him, the Lord granted Miss Minerva a vision of Africa and definitely called her to prepare for missionary service. This she hastened to do, for the way was opened for her to attend the Union Missionary Training Institute, an interdenominational school founded by Lucy Drake Osborn. She studied in both the country branch at Hackettsville, N. J., and the city branch at Brooklyn, N. Y., until a serious illness made it impossible for her to continue the course. After her recovery, she employed her time and her talents in institutional work with children, and teaching in a mission school in Boston until her marriage to Mr. H. N. F. Marshall of Boston. Mr. Marshall was, for many years, an associate of Dwight L. Moody, and acted as treasurer and business manager for Moody for years.

By her marriage Mrs. Marshall became the stepmother of three children. A year later a little daughter, Ruth Bigelow, was added to the family circle. Thus it came to pass that, as the Lord Jesus lived in the seclusion of the Nazareth home and toiled at the carpenter's bench for thirty years, so Minerva Marshall, whom the Lord had called for missionary work in Africa, was detained in the homeland more than twenty years, performing the duties of housewife and mother! No doubt

this was a part of God's mysterious plan for His missionary, a part of her training course which fitted her for her unique place on the field. The Lord never hurries His process of training, as in the case of Moses, whose post-graduate course in the wilderness extended over a period of forty years!

In the course of time changes came to the Marshall household. When Ruth was fourteen years old, the good father and husband "went away to be with his Lord." The older children left the home to make homes for themselves, while the youngest, Ruth, became a student in Northfield Seminary. After her graduation she followed in her father's footsteps by taking up a business career in Boston.

Released from the home ties which had bound her for so many years, Mrs. Marshall was at last free to follow the long cherished "call" to Africa. In 1920, on Ruth's twenty-first birthday, the mother sailed for her distant port in Africa, leaving the daughter with an older sister. It is hard to be separated from one's only child, but, quoting Mrs. Marshall's own words, "It was for Africa's sake, and for Jesus' sake, and He gave the grace needed to obey the Divine call" to minister to Africa's daughters. She yielded her treasure, claiming the promise of "a hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come, life everlasting." The Lord was true to His word, for soon the new missionary became "Mother Marshall" to more than a hundred pupils, both black and white, in the dark continent.

Her first year in Swaziland was at Grace Station where she helped Miss Martin with the school work and kraal visiting and ministering to the sick, while studying the language. After six months, she was able also to take charge of services in the little church.

At the beginning of her second year, Mrs. Marshall began to fill a place all her own on the mission field. The missiona-

ries' children needed a capable teacher to direct their education. Mrs. Marshall, by reason of her long experience, both as teacher and as mother, was eminently fitted for such work. So she was appointed teacher of the Little White School for Pioneers' and Missionaries' children at Peniel. Of this work she writes in 1923, "What could be a greater privilege than to be in Africa working among these dear, bright children of our faithful pioneers in this heathen land? I trust that each one will become an African missionary in years to come."

In the same year our gifted missionary began to teach vocal music in the two training schools. She used a method called "Tonic Sol-Fa," making her own charts and printing her exercises on blackboards or white cotton cloth. She also printed songs on the cloth, and drilled the classes in the four parts separately. In this way they learned to sing fine quartets, both male and female quartets, and mixed, "till the old church at Peniel fairly rang with God's praises, and it seemed like heaven." It must be a rare treat indeed to hear those rich African voices, perfectly attuned, ascending in a volume of melodious praise to God from the grass-covered tabernacles of dark Africa, especially when they sing "All Hail! Immanuel!" in Zulu!

The accomplished missionary soon completed her course in Zulu with high grades, then employed her spare time in composing and translating songs into Zulu. She also assisted Sister Schmelzenbach in translating and adapting Dr. John Matthews' Bible Course into Zulu for the Bible classes, beside contributing regularly to the native paper. In addition to all this she visited kraals, and evangelized from time to time, preaching in both English and Zulu.

When it was finally decided that the three eldest Schmelzenbach children should finish their education in the homeland, it was thought best that their friend and teacher, "Mother

Marshall," should return with them and Miss Lillian Cole. They all arrived in New York August 7, 1925, where the devoted missionary was obliged to say "good-by" to the children she had learned to love so dearly in the little White School.

Although detained in the homeland by the critical illness of her aged father, Mrs. Marshall is employing her time in intensive service for her beloved Swaziland missions. One hundred and fifty inspirational missionary services in three years in the New England, New York and Pittsburgh Districts, and a fund of over $800, raised from friends outside of the Church of the Nazarene, for the publication of a Zulu Hymnal for use in Africa, is a partial record of our missionary's activities while on furlough.

The Zulu Hymnal, containing one hundred Zulu songs composed or translated by her and other missionaries, and set to the Tonic Sol-Fa notation, has already gone to the Nazarene Publishing House for publication. This important work will continue to carry the gospel on the wings of melody into Africa's dark night long after the faithful missionary has gone to her reward. Meanwhile, the influence of "Mother Marshall's" holy life and ministry, like a sweet fragrance, will linger long to bless her pupils and fellow missionaries in Swaziland. Like her associates, she cherishes the hope of returning to the field for another term of service, so that she may enjoy the privilege of teaching the songs she has so ably translated.

MISS MAUD CRETORS

This saintly little woman was a veteran missionary long before she came in contact with the Church of the Nazarene.

Maud Cretors was born at Edna, Kansas, but reared at Oswego where she was in close touch with the Mennonite brethren. She was also associated to some extent with the Free Methodist people in her early years. She was converted at eight years of age, and sanctified while still a young girl. From her earliest recollections she felt drawn to foreign missions, and after her sanctification she realized a definite call to Africa.

Very early Miss Cretors learned to trust God implicitly, and to order her life along the faith line. In fact she was endued with the special "gift of faith" mentioned in 1 Cor. 12. When she felt that the Lord wished her to go to Africa, she made her preparations for departure, never doubting that the heavenly Father would supply the means for transportation. She even made a long pocket in her petticoat to hold the money! Monday morning of the day for sailing dawned before the Lord honored the simple faith of His handmaiden, but He did not fail her. She slept sweetly the night before, and at noon she sailed for Africa! Who knows what exploits God's children might perform if only we could learn to trust Him with the simple faith of a child!

Miss Cretors went to the field alone, save for the presence

of the holy One who was her abiding Companion and Friend. With Him she communed at all times, and to Him she confided every hope and fear, every problem and difficulty which crossed her path. In return, even as He had furnished her transportation, so He continued to supply her every need during her ten years' sojourn in Natal among the Zulus—1904 to 1914.

Miss Cretors first studied the Zulu language, and served for a time at Lowerumkomaas, Natal, but later she was employed at a girls' school at Umzumbi, Natal.

After ten years of untiring labor, the gentle missionary came to the homeland to care for her aged mother. After the mother's death, the daughter returned to Africa in April, 1921, this time under appointment of the Missionary Board of the Church of the Nazarene

The new missionary was first stationed at Sabie, Transvaal, where Rev. and Mrs. Shirley, Miss Louise Robinson, and Rev. and Mrs. Janzen were located at the time. After two years of glad service there, Miss Cretors and Miss Lillian Cole were entrusted with the difficult task of opening a new outstation at Entembeni. The opening of a new station involves much hard labor, amid surroundings most primitive. The missionaries had no cook-stove, and, at first, no kitchen, consequently they were obliged to cook over an open fire camp fashion, a practice always attended with some danger, especially in windy weather. Miss Cretors learned to make good bread in a kaffir pot. A man was hired to build a little hut for a kitchen, and when it was completed, the grateful missionary was so rejoiced that she felt like dedicating it to the Lord, for she was sure that "He had helped to get it built."

True to her life-long habit, Miss Cretors never failed to seek direction from her Lord in every perplexity, no matter how petty it might be. As a result, she was able to do many things that she did not know she could do, such as hanging

a door on its hinges. That feat she accomplished one morning to her satisfaction, and she pronounced the result "fine!"

But the conscientious missionary never allowed these minor details to interfere with the more important features of mission work, such as visiting in the kraals and telling the gospel story into ears unaccustomed to its sound. Miss Cole conducted a school under a spreading tree where the herding boys congregated, bringing their goats, cattle and donkeys with them. The personal touch was not lacking in this humble ministry. So the Lord was pleased with His missionaries. He blessed their labors, and people were saved at their services. At one evening service at Entembeni a dozen hungry souls knelt at the altar, seeking the Lord, one of them an old witch doctor!

When Miss Cretors sailed to Africa the second time, it was with the intention of spending the remainder of her life among the dusky Swazies. So the fateful retrenchment of 1925 was a very severe blow to her, as to other missionaries, especially when she learned that her name was on the list of the "recalled." No words can picture the mental anguish of our devoted messengers of the Cross when thus rudely snatched from the work they love so well, while the blessing of God is upon it. Sadly our quaint little missionary, whose gentle personality marks her as an intimate friend of the lowly Nazarene, obeyed the mandate of the church.

Soon after her arrival in the homeland, the Lord put on Miss Cretor's heart a burden for a farm and home in the Transvaal, for the use of the mission workers and native Christians. Claiming the promise in Daniel 11:32, she is still serving her beloved mission, during her enforced furlough, by raising money for this worthy purpose. The matter is still under advisement by the Missionary Board, but it is hoped that in the course of time Miss Cretor's project may be materialized. "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits."

MISS MYRTLE PELLEY

Miss Pelley's life story, if pictured in detail, would be an interesting study of the Lord's refining process whereby He purifies and tempers a strong, sweet spirit that is wholly surrendered to Him, and makes it fit for an exalted position in His kingdom. But even an outline of this life, so marked by crucial tests and furnace fires heated seven times, would exceed the limits of this brief sketch. It must suffice to merely touch upon a few of the more important influences that have, under the providence of God, helped to fit Miss Pelley for her important work on the mission field, and to make her the noble, great-hearted missionary that she is.

Miss Pelley claims the distinction of a birth-place within a stone's throw of the state capitol building at Columbus, Ohio. She can trace missionary blood in her lineage, for her Grandfather Pelley was a Methodist minister, at one time a pioneer missionary in Florida, who traveled his circuit over the Alleghenies on horseback, with Bibles and hymn books in his saddle-bags, for distribution while he evangelized. No doubt the fervent intercession of this man of God was one of the unseen forces used by the Lord in determining Myrtle Pelley's career.

But the sweet influences of Christian precept and example were not found in Miss Myrtle's home, for her parents were

not Christians. While they held to a high standard of morality, they were trying to be unbelievers. They opposed Myrtle's Christian activities and spiritual aspirations on the mistaken assumption that a life is "thrown away" when expended in missionary effort. Other parents have made the same mistake, never realizing the pain they cause their children. The opposition of her family to the things most sacred to her was one of the keen sorrows that kept Myrtle Pelley in the crucible for years.

When Myrtle was almost grown a serious illness brought her to the brink of eternity. As a dying request she begged her mother to bring to her bedside a certain minister known to be a deeply spiritual man. Her request was granted. The man of God gently pointed the supposedly dying girl to the Lamb of God, and explained to her the way of salvation. After a struggle, she accepted Christ, whereupon He saved her, and restored her to health.

She then joined the Methodist church, and at once became active in city mission work, visiting the sick and poor. Three months later she recognized God's "call" to the foreign mission field. Being ignorant of the work, she began an intensive study of missions. One year later, in company with an intimate friend, Miss Pelley attended the Hollow Rock Camp-meeting near East Liverpool, Ohio, where for the first time they heard holiness preaching. Both girls eagerly accepted the truth, and were sanctified wholly. Later both became charter members of the Church of the Nazarene at East Palestine, Ohio. Soon after her sanctification, the Lord showed Miss Pelley that Africa was to be her field of labor.

Little did she dream that many years, with mountains of difficulty, must intervene between that vision and its fulfillment! The Pelley family had suffered repeated financial reverses until the mother's health broke under the strain, while

the father was totally blind. Since Myrtle was the eldest of five children, the family cares, with the main burden of family support fell upon her young shoulders. There were no care-free days of youth for Myrtle Pelley. For nine long years she labored in a china pottery, gilding dishes, providing for her parents to the best of her ability. Her evenings were employed in mission work. After a time she became a deaconess, and wore the garb for a number of years.

During this period of discipline Miss Pelley carried a heavy burden of prayer for the opening of a great work in Africa. Night after night she agonized in intercession until 4 a. m., with only one hour of sleep before time to go to work in the morning! Soon after this the Schmelzenbachs opened the first Nazarene mission (Peniel) in Swaziland! Truly God works "in a mysterious way His wonders to perform!" But, so far as Myrtle Pelley was concerned, Africa was still very far away, and, to all appearances, impossible of attainment.

After a long time the way opened for the ambitious girl to enter the Pentecostal Collegiate Institute (now Eastern Nazarene College). She worked her way through the three years' course, sometimes working as a deaconess on the New York and Pittsburgh Districts, and acting as assistant to doctors whenever opportunity offered. Miss Pelley's fondest ambition was to be a doctor for Africa, but she could not work her way through a medical course, so she chose the next best thing. Six months after her graduation from college she entered the New York Hospital for nurse's training.

When she successfully passed the Regent's examination for the state of New York, she was at last fully equipped, and ready to sail for Africa. But alas! long delays and bitter disappointments were still in store! War conditions blocked the way. Dates were set and postponed, and finally a definite postponement for a whole year was announced. The interval

was employed in deputation work for the Missionary Board, assisting doctors with serious operations, and nursing many critical cases through the "flu" epidemic. Since she had been ordained elder by Dr. Reynolds, she also engaged at times in evangelistic work, and filled the place of supply pastor for a new church at Akron, Ohio.

Then at last the war was ended, and the first ship sailed, with missionaries on board—Miss Martin, Miss Lovelace and Miss Rixse, Rev. and Mrs. Penn, all bound for Swaziland in Africa. They sailed happily away, but Myrtle Pelley was *left behind,* this time to care for her invalid father, who was failing fast. This was a heart-breaking blow, the very keenest disappointment of all, but God's grace was sufficient even for this. Eighteen months passed before the fetters were broken, and then it was in a way that brought keen sorrow of heart.

But at last Myrtle Pelley was free! The gang plank was actually crossed, the "bridges were burned behind" her, and, quoting her own words, "When I came to myself, I was dancing and leaping away out on a lonely deck among the life-saving boats!"

The good ship bore the missionary safely to Africa's shores where she was warmly welcomed by the Nazarene missionaries in Swaziland. Her first year of service was in the first Fitkin Memorial Hospital at Pigg's Peak.

But at the end of the year the Council sent her to Stegi to open a medical work at the new John Short Memorial Station. This was a formidable undertaking for a woman, but it was the very work for which the Lord had been preparing His missionary during those long years of discipline. A woman of rare initiative, strong, capable, resourceful; a woman of perfect poise, mature in judgment, trained in the school of adversity to successfully cope with difficulties; a strong spirit, but so tempered with grace that her touch is always gentle;

a capable soul, but so chastened by sorrow that she quickly responds with tenderest sympathy to the sorrows of others; a heart overflowing with Christly love; and a personality so radiant with the unction of the indwelling Spirit that she can smile when the clouds are darkest! Such a woman is Myrtle Pelley, called of God and endowed by Him with the very qualities required for that medical work at Stegi!

Stegi is a government station which supports a colony of about one hundred and fifty white people, many of them government employees and officials, with their families. Those people were greatly in need of a resident physician, since the nearest doctor was at Mbabane, eighty miles distant. When the Nazarene mission was established in their town, these white residents requested that at least a trained nurse be stationed there. Miss Pelley was selected to fill the need.

Brother Janzen built her a little house of sheet iron ceiled on the inside with wood. In it the missionary nurse set up housekeeping and opened her office, to be doctor and nurse to the whole community. At first she used her little veranda for a dispensary, and her dining table for operations. But the Lord greatly blessed her healing ministry, and her white patrons so greatly appreciate her services that they have built a nice little dispensary for her convenience. This adds much to the efficiency of her work.

Miss Pelley's medical studies have served a good purpose. She has built up a large practice at Stegi, ministering to patients both white and black, and is greatly beloved by all. Dr. Hynd visits her station one day each month, but during the intervals the entire population is wholly dependent upon the missionary nurse for medical attention.

Naturally Miss Pelley is supremely happy in this unique service to which God has called her, and for which He has so eminently fitted her. Her healing art brings her in close touch

with the Lord's "other sheep" in dark Africa, and it affords her daily opportunities to win sin-sick souls to the great Physician who can make them "every whit whole." Since the harvest fields are already ripe for the harvest, and her work is only fairly begun, it is needless to say that Myrtle Pelley has no desire for a furlough. She had a very hard time getting to Africa, and now she asks no greater privilege than to be allowed to remain at her post, gathering in the sheaves, until Jesus comes.

MISS DORA CARPENTER

Miss Carpenter's childhood home was in the Southland, near Atkins, Arkansas, but she received her missionary training chiefly in the North.

She first came in touch with the Church of the Nazarene in Los Angeles, while the sainted Dr. Bresee was still pastor of the First church. Miss Dora soon fell in love with the Nazarene people, while she was deeply impressed with their teaching of full salvation. She loved to attend their meetings, realizing her need of a clean heart, but her fight with carnality was a severe one, and so prolonged that several years passed before she yielded the point of severing her former church ties.

Meanwhile, after spending three years in southern California, Miss Carpenter went to Chicago for nurse's training. She lost no time in locating the First Church of the Nazarene where Rev. C. E. Cornell was pastor. Here, as in Los Angeles, she was charmed with the people, captivated by their teaching, and hungry for the satisfying experience which they enjoyed. She carried a heavy heart for months, even years, and conviction deepened with the passing of time. Her Nazarene friends encouraged her with their prayers and godly counsel until she finally reached the point of full surrender, January 3, 1913. The Holy Spirit took possession, and cleansed her heart, turning her darkness into light, and giving her "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

From that day Dora Carpenter began to look upon the world from a new angle of vision. New plans and new objectives formulated in her mind, all tending toward some specific work for the Master. Miss Carpenter's "call" did not come to her suddenly, as in the case of so many missionaries. It rather dawned upon her gradually. She entered the Chicago Evangelistic Institute for a course in Bible Study, and was led to choose the Missionary course. While breathing the spiritual atmosphere of the C. E. I., her interest in foreign missions was quickened, while her burden for them became heavier until after a time she realized a distinct "call." At the same time, the vision of Africa appeared before her day and night, "like a great question mark beckoning to come over and help those other lost sheep!" Continually the challenge rang in her ears, "Whom shall I send, and who will go?" Although feeling herself unworthy of such an exalted honor, and wondering why she was chosen, Dora Carpenter whispered gladly, "Here am I, Lord, take me!" In return, many precious promises from the Holy Word cheered her heart, assuring her of "grace sufficient," of "strength made perfect in weakness," and of the Lord's continual presence at every step of the way. So strong did the pull on her heart-strings become that she grew actually *homesick* for Africa, and she felt that her heart would break should she be compelled to remain in America.

After graduating from the Chicago Evangelistic Institute, Miss Carpenter returned to the hospital to finish her nurse's training, framing all her plans with reference to her departure for Africa.

April 25, 1922, was the happy day when she was permitted to set sail from New York harbor for the land of her desire. Traveling by way of the British Isles, she enjoyed the privilege of a ten days' visit among the Nazarene churches in Scotland and England, after which her staunch ship put off from

Southampton, and headed for South Africa. On May 29 the delighted missionary sighted Table Mountain at Cape Town, and knew that she was nearing Africa where she would be no longer *homesick* but "at home!"

During her first year on the field, July, 1922 to 1923, Miss Carpenter was stationed at Peniel, where she helped Miss Martin with the nursing, and assisted in the primary department of the girls' school, while studying the language.

Then, in July, 1923, she was sent to Pigg's Peak to superintend the first Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital. She discharged the duties of this responsible position with satisfaction to all concerned, remaining at Pigg's Peak four years. While ministering to the afflicted bodies of her patients, the consecrated nurse never forgets to apply the healing balm of the gospel message whenever opportunity offers, and her heart is often made glad because many precious souls are saved under her gentle ministry.

Her activities have not been confined to the hospital routine exclusively. Kraal visiting has occupied much of her attention, especially during the earlier years of her service. This form of personal evangelism is one of the most important features of missionary work because of the *personal touch* involved. Many a weary mile Dora Carpenter has trekked, sometimes on horseback, often on foot, five, ten, fifteen miles on rough roads, over steep hills, under the burning sun, carrying the Bread of Life to hungry souls. Times without number, she has been found sitting on the dirt floors of the native huts, surrounded by dirty, half-clothed natives, singing gospel songs, telling the "old, old story," praying with the responsive souls and pleading with the hardened ones, always ministering to the sick, and, at the end of the day, wending her way homeward with weary feet, but rejoicing in the privilege of ministering to those needy souls and of telling them of Jesus who loves

them and gave Himself a ransom for their sins! A sacrifice of time and effort? Not in Miss Carpenter's estimation, for she declares,

"Surely we don't count it a sacrifice, but a divine privilege that *even angels might covet* to be called of God to carry the gospel to His 'other sheep'!"

In July, 1927, the beautiful new Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital at Bremersdorp was ready to open its doors, and Miss Carpenter was sent there to continue her nursing ministry under Dr. Hynd, with Miss Minnie Martin and Miss Sarah Munro. Here her time is fully occupied with the duties of her calling which affords so many opportunities to win precious souls for Jesus.

After six years of service Dora Carpenter testifies that her "call" has never grown dim, neither has she ever regretted that it led her to Africa. Her soul is heavily burdened for God's people in the homeland, that their hearts may be stirred "to such a passion for these lost souls (in our foreign fields) that they will wait before Him until He tells them what to do." May the Lord speedily grant her petition so that many new missionary aspirants, with the call of God upon them, may speed over the waters with the message of salvation!

MISS LEONA BELLEW

Leona Frances Bellew was reared in a Methodist home near Attala, Alabama. She became interested in Christian work and foreign missions in early childhood, and was converted and joined the Methodist Church South when ten years of age. The Bellew family was a large one with a small income. Naturally, after the children were clothed and fed there was practically nothing left for education. But Leona was an ambitious little student, and her desire for an education was so compelling, and so God-given, that it enabled her to over-ride difficulties that otherwise would have seemed unsurmountable.

At the age of seventeen Leona realized her childhood's dream of becoming a school teacher. Unfortunately, at that time, through the novelty and excitement of her first absence from home amid gay, worldly-minded strangers, the young school teacher yielded to the lure of the world for a short time. But she soon discovered the sad fact that her assurance of salvation had slipped away from her, while her sinful pleasures failed to satisfy her soul. With bitter tears of repentance she found her way back to the Savior. Soon after this experience, she heard the message of full salvation expounded by a Nazarene preacher. Her heart responded eagerly to the truth, for she realized her own weakness as never before.

After several days of earnest seeking, Miss Leona yielded herself to God and He sanctified her soul.

From that time the Lord began to burden the young teacher's heart for missions, and to talk to her about Africa, soon making the "call" so definite that she could not doubt it. With joy bounding in her heart because she was counted worthy to be the Lord's ambassador to dark Africa, Miss Leona answered "yes," just as all of our precious Nazarene missionaries have always answered to the same call. But when she went home for the Christmas vacation with her joyful tidings, to her dismay she found that her family refused to share her enthusiasm. Most of them were Christians, but they lacked the missionary vision. So strong was their opposition to Leona's plans, and so many and varied their arguments against them, that the young missionary candidate became confused and, after a time, she yielded, in part, to the demands of her opposers. The result was three years of spiritual darkness and misery, during which a vision of black faces, with their piteous appeal, haunted her night and day. Finally, when her burden became greater than she could bear, at the campmeeting at Peniel, Texas, in the summer of 1918, she "settled it for time and eternity that she would go through with the Lord," no matter what the cost might be. Her friends, had by this time wakened to the true state of the case, so, instead of opposing, they encouraged and aided her to the best of their ability.

This important question settled, Miss Bellew entered Peniel College where she finished high school in 1919, and graduated from college in 1923, receiving her theological certificate at the same time. She worked her way through the five years at Peniel, "doing everything from dish-washing to teaching school." In various ways the Lord supplied her miscellaneous needs, such as railroad fare, so that Miss Leona learned many

valuable lessons of trust and confidence in God during those student years. After her graduation she taught for one year in the Bresee Theological College at Hutchinson, Kansas.

Once during her student years at Peniel, in the Spring of 1922, Miss Bellew experienced one of those strange testings which form a part of God's discipline, but which seem to human reason altogether mysterious. At that time Miss Leona recognized a second "call" to Africa, more definite even than the first, while a vision of black faces seemed to be beseeching her to come to their aid immediately. At once the devoted missionary set aside all previous plans, to begin preparations for an early departure to Africa. The Lord marvelously supplied passage and equipment, and the date was set for sailing. Speaking of this incident, Miss Bellew writes, "No bride ever looked forward to her wedding day with greater joy than I to that day!" Then, at the last moment, *the door was closed!* Words can never express the young missionary's anguish of heart and the bitterness of her disappointment. She returned to school, finished her course and received her degrees, but she was "a stranger in her own land," for her heart was already in Africa.

Patience is a rare virtue, a grace difficult of attainment, the last to be perfected in God's chosen ones. The time of waiting was irksome, but in God's own time He removed the last obstacle, and Leona Bellew one glad day—October 8, 1924—found herself on board a steamship bound for South Africa. Upon arrival at Swaziland, the new missionary was first stationed at Peniel where she was allowed to devote the first few months to language study. In this she developed remarkable proficiency, for after six months, she was able to preach fluently in Zulu. She then helped Miss Robinson in the girls' school until January, 1926, when she was sent to Sabie to assist Rev. and Mrs. Penn, after the retrenchment deprived them of two of their workers, Miss Martin and Miss Cretors.

Miss Bellew was both busy and happy at Sabie, where she superintended the large day school, also a night school for backward but ambitious students, beside preaching every Sunday, either at the main station or at one of the outstations.

But after six months she was moved again, this time to Bremersdorp where she was needed to help Dr. and Mrs. Hynd with their language study. In addition to her pleasant task of private instruction, Miss Bellew took charge of the school work as at Sabie, and assisted with the Sunday services. She had a day school nicely started, and was making good progress with a night school. Prospects were bright, and all went well until December, 1926, when the missionary was suddenly stricken with an attack of acute appendicitis. For two weeks Dr. and Mrs. Hynd cared for her to the best of their ability with their limited equipment, but since the new hospital was only in the early stages of erection, they were obliged to convey their patient in a motor car three hundred miles, over African roads, to a nursing home in Johannesburg. An ex-Swiss doctor assisted Dr. Hynd with the operation, and attended Miss Bellew after Dr. and Mrs. Hynd returned to Bremersdorp. The Lord sweetly sustained the missionary through this painful ordeal, assuring her that all would be well. Her chief regret was for the extra expense which her illness imposed upon the Missionary Board, and for the trouble and anxiety sustained by the good doctor and his wife in her behalf.

The patient's strength returned slowly, but in the spring she returned to Bremersdorp and began to take up her duties once more. With a thankful heart she renewed her consecration and trusted God to make her a better missionary than before. But the dear girl's faith was to suffer yet another severe test! After a few months of brave endeavor, her low vitality, with other ailments, threatened a complete collapse. She was urged to return home for additional medical treatment.

So, although she preferred death, and a grave with her people, she followed the doctor's advice, sailing for the homeland November 22, 1927, after three years on the field. Ten days after reaching the home shores, she submitted to another serious operation which she hopes will restore her to health and to the field and the work she loves so dearly. In a recent letter she sends the following testimony:

"When people ask me if I expect to return to Africa, I tell them there is only one missionary who does not expect to go back to his field, and that one is in his coffin! Since the day God called me I have felt that I was among the privileged few. After three years on the field, seeing the native as he is without salvation, and as he is when changed by the grace of God, I am convinced that every dollar and every life invested in mission work in Africa pays in eternal dividends one thousand fold, and, like another missionary, I can say from the depths of my heart, 'If I had a thousand lives to give, I would gladly give them all for Africa!' "

"And I am further convinced that if the Church of the Nazarene will only give Africa the missionaries and native workers needed to carry on the good work started there, and keep step with it as it moves forward under the blessing of God, we shall rejoice throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity for the abundant harvest of souls garnered there."

DR. AND MRS. DAVID HYND

A practical knowledge of the healing art has always been a valuable asset in foreign mission work among uncivilized races. The pioneer missionary who carries a medicine kit in one hand and a Bible in the other can reasonably hope to blaze a trail for the gospel through the dense fog of native superstition and prejudice. Rev. Schmelzenbach's successful treatment of burns and injuries, and his ability to render first aid in emergencies first gained access for him into the huts and the hearts of the Swazi people. A few years later, after the first Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital was erected at Peniel, Dr. Charles West trekked over hills and bushveldt, ministering to sick ones hidden away in filthy kraals and smoky huts. His eminently successful medical practice proved a valuable aid in counteracting the influence of the witch-doctors, thus opening the way for further extension of the gospel among the native population.

Under the blessing of God and the Spirit-directed leader-

ship of Rev. Schmelzenbach, Nazarene missions flourished in Swaziland until their beneficent influence attracted the attention of the British officials at Bremersdorp. Since the white population at this government station was at least seventy miles removed from the nearest doctor, the British government offered to the Church of the Nazarene a grant of thirty-five acres of land upon the conditions that a well-equipped hospital be erected on the site, and that a qualified British physician be stationed there, with a corps of nurses who would attend to the medical needs of the whites while conducting missionary work among the natives. This offered a golden opportunity to the church to extend the Lord's kingdom in Swaziland with the aid of government support and patronage. The W. M. S. guaranteed the $10,000 required for the hospital, while the Lord was already training and equipping the doctor who was to become its efficient superintendent.

Some thirty years before this project was undertaken—on October 25, 1895, to be exact—in the city of Perth in bonnie Scotland, a Christian home was blessed by the arrival of a wee laddie who was destined to add his name to the roll of illustrious missionary heroes who have been cradled amid the rugged beauties of his native land. Like another boy who was greater than he, the Scotch laddie "grew in stature, and in favor with God and man." He was saved when twelve years of age, and sanctified when sixteen. He did not, however, entertain any missionary aspirations in his childhood years. He was more interested in the mysteries of science and the wonders that God had hidden in nature, for the boy early developed a brilliant mentality. So marked was his proficiency in school that he was advised to take a university course.

He entered Glasgow University in 1913 at the age of eighteen, matriculating in Arts and Science. But before his course was finished, the World War demanded his services under his

country's flag. Accordingly, David Hynd donned the British uniform and marched away, with his fellow students, to take his place on the battle field.

Before leaving college the young student became interested in Miss A. K. Sharpe, daughter of Rev. George Sharpe who was, at one time, one of the missionary superintendents of the Church of the Nazarene. Although Miss Sharpe was born in the United States, she was reared in Scotland. David Hynd discovered in her a young woman of rare charm, a lovely Christian character, endowed with superior mental gifts. She had already gained two certificates from the Glasgow School of Art, and she came to the university to prepare for teaching in a Nazarene Bible school.

Through association with Miss Sharpe, David Hynd was kept in touch with the Nazarene missions in Swaziland until his interest became thoroughly aroused. He began to see possibilities in a life of unselfish service for God which might far transcend the emoluments of mere worldly ambition. The interest in African missions thus kindled in the young man's heart while he was in the university continued to burn with a steadily increasing flame during the years of his war service. When he read of the urgent need of a trained doctor in Swaziland a new vision was presented to his mind's eye, while Swaziland's need became to him a Divine "call."

In the meantime Miss Sharpe graduated from the university in 1917 with her M. A. degree, but the Bible school had been stripped of its students by the cruel war, and was practically closed. After working in a business office for a few months, she was married to David Hynd on January 2, 1918.

When the war ended and the young husband returned home, the problem of his future career was prayerfully considered. His supreme desire was to finish his university course and study medicine, with that "call" to Swaziland as an objective.

But this would require six more years of intensive study in the university, and since he was now a married man, family cares presented their counter claims. The young wife's godly parents saved the situation by offering the young couple a home with them during the long period of preparation. This involved a heavy sacrifice on the part of a Nazarene preacher's family, but it was sweetened by their love for God and for their children.

Besides the young man made good. In addition to making brilliant records in his studies, he employed his time during his summer vacations working at a variety of trades, all of which proved useful later on the mission field. He graduated in medicine in 1924 with highest honors. Then after serving for a short time as medical officer in an English hospital he studied at the London School of Tropical Medicine, graduating in a few months, again with distinction.

The following testimonial from one of Dr. Hynd's medical professors in the university describes his standing as a student:

"Mr. Hynd as a student has a particularly distinguished career, gaining no less than five special distinctions in his professional examinations in addition to certificates of merit in the majority of his classes. I have every confidence in him and anticipate for him a distinguished and fruitful career."

The titles attached to the young doctor's name by reason of all these "distinctions" make it read thus, David Hynd, M. A., B. Sc., M. B., Ch. B., D. T. M. and H.

Mrs. Hynd had planned to study nursing while her husband was winning his laurels, but the birth of a daughter, Isabel Grace, September 20, 1919, effectually spoiled that plan. When the little one was four years old, her mother did take three months' training in a city fever hospital, also three months in a woman's surgical hospital. Then on December 18, 1924, her second child, Samuel Wilson, was born.

The doctor was not puffed up by his long string of titles, neither was he enticed by the many flattering offers from medical institutions which promised rich financial returns. Personal ambition and desire for gain had been nailed to the Cross long before. His intellectual gifts, with all the advantages his education offered had been placed unreservedly upon the altar. All were "counted but loss" for the greater privilege of winning Christ, and Swaziland for Him.

So, in May, 1925, turning his back forever upon the temptation to carve out for himself a distinguished career, Dr. David Hynd, with his wife and little ones, sailed away from the homeland, with faces turned toward South Africa, to be messengers of the Cross in the dark continent. They sailed to a new field where a tract of bare ground, covered only by long grass, awaited them, with only one small building, intended for the nurses' home, in process of erection. Here the brilliant doctor, like his blessed Lord, "humbled himself," and was made "all things to all men that by all means he might win some of them." During the two years while the hospital was building, the doctor was at once overseer, carpenter, stonemason, painter and water-carrier. In fact all the trades that he learned during his summer vacations were turned to good account. At the same time he was physician to a community seventy miles square, with no hospital, no operating room, no X-ray, no conveniences of any kind. He sought his patients in their dirty kraals in lonely outstations; he hastened to them on horseback, or on foot, traveling weary miles under a burning African sun, and at last crawling on hands and knees into the smoky interiors of native huts to minister to the suffering, and when possible, to tell them about Jesus. He dressed serious burns and shocking sores on the veranda of the nurses' home (after it was built) and later when the framework of the hospital was erected, he treated very sick patients on the dirt floors of the unfinished rooms.

Dr. Hynd's own initiation into Swaziland life forcibly illustrated the great need of a hospital and a doctor in that neglected region. Only a few days after landing in Africa, he was seized with severe abdominal pains which persisted and became most alarming. Since no facilities for diagnosis or for treatment were at hand it was necessary to rush the sick doctor, on the back seat of a motor car, over African roads, to a nursing home in Delagoa Bay in Portuguese East Africa. Miss Pelley steadied the patient as best she could over the terrific bumps in the road.

But during those early months the doctor was more than doctor and builder. He was also pastor and preacher when there was no church building and no tabernacle. The veranda was utilized on Sundays and evenings for a preaching place, where the preacher stood and dispensed the Bread of Life to an audience of dusky forms stretched out on the ground, like the spokes of a wheel, with faces toward the speaker.

But the Lord has wonderfully blessed. Three years have passed, and behold! what changes God has wrought! The beautiful Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital stands on the hill like a light-house of hope, with equipment almost complete, with the exception of ambulance and X-ray which are still badly needed. The doctor is ably assisted by three consecrated, white-robed nurses, Misses Carpenter, Martin and Munro. A lovely stone church nearby is filled with devout worshipers each Lord's day. The school work is also progressing nicely under the direction of Mrs. Hynd and a native teacher, although Miss Bellew is sadly missed, both in school and church services.

Through all vicissitudes the doctor's wife is a busy and happy woman. She calls herself one of the "Go-alongs" who fit in so nicely wherever needed. She writes, "My work consists of housekeeping and entertaining (so many visitors at the

hospital), taking care of the hospital correspondence, keeping the books, helping in the hospital when extra help is needed, keeping an oversight of the school work, taking my turns preaching, and odds and ends too numerous to mention." Surely quite enough for one little woman!

In the spring of 1928 Dr. and Mrs. Hynd sent the little daughter, Isabel, to their people in Scotland. The little one traveled in care of Rev. and Mrs. Schmelzenbach who were en route to the United States on their furlough. Separation from their children is a part of the price our missionaries so often pay for the privilege of remaining upon the field.

The hospital work at Bremersdorp is at last fairly launched. It has cost much in labor, in prayer, in sacrifice, in tears and in suffering, but its future is most auspicious, and in the days to come our good doctor and his precious wife "shall see of the travail of their soul, and shall be satisfied."

REV. LAWRENCE C. FERREE and REV. LAURA HASLEY FERREE

Rev. and Mrs. Ferree are stationed on the Rand, which is a stretch of gold-mining territory extending thirty miles on either side of Johannesburg. It is the site of the richest gold mines in the world. 182,000 native Africans are employed in these mines. They come from every part of Africa, usually drawn thither by the desire to earn the sum of money required for the purchase of their wives. Many raw heathen from the interior are brought to the mines and pressed into service. Their contact with the white man's civilization reveals to these simple heathen the domineering, grasping, unlovely side of the white man's character, and tends to harden their hearts against the gentle advances of the missionary. Often they adopt the

white man's dress and copy the white man's vices, returning to their distant homes semi-civilized heathen, in greater spiritual darkness than before. Nevertheless, amid the motley throng of heathen at the mines may be found a goodly number of Christian natives who have found Christ through the ministry of faithful missionaries.

Rev. and Mrs. Isaac O. Lehman began their missionary labors on the Rand in 1903. Under their ministry many scores of natives accepted Christ and carried the gospel message back to their benighted home districts. One such group first started the mission work at Manjacaze now so ably superintended by Rev. and Mrs. Jenkins.

The Lehman work was taken over by the Church of the Nazarene in 1922, the Lehmans remaining on the field until recalled under the retrenchment of 1925. After a short visit in the homeland, the veteran missionaries returned to Johannesburg and opened an independent mission. Meanwhile the Nazarene work on the Rand was without pastoral care, with the exception of occasional visits of the District Superintendent and Rev. Jenkins, until the arrival of Rev. and Mrs. Ferree.

Lawrence C. Ferree was born December 23, 1893, in a godless mining town, Bunola, Pa. Since there was no church building in the town, its only religious services were held in a lodge hall. Nevertheless, Lawrence was converted when twelve years of age in a Christian Alliance tent meeting. The lad attended high school in the home town, and business college in Pittsburgh. While in high school he lost his hold on God and lived in a backslidden condition for a number of years. However, during that period he continued to take an active part in the union services in the lodge room. He played the organ for them from the time he was fourteen, and at the age of eighteen was made superintendent of the Sunday school. He

also substituted for absent teachers notwithstanding the fact that his spiritual life was at a low ebb.

But the Lord is married to the backslider, and His Spirit did not cease to strive. When the young man was twenty-one, he found his way back to the Savior in a Nazarene tent meeting, and three days later he was sanctified wholly. A Nazarene church was organized in his town, and Lawrence Ferree was one of the charter members. Very soon the young convert recognized the Divine voice calling him to the ministry. He increased his activity in church services and Sunday school, but kept silent in regard to his "call" until questioned by his pastor, because the ministry seemed to him so impossible of achievement. But the Lord continued to burden his heart for lost souls, while visions of the dark-skinned sons of Africa were flashed before his mental vision repeatedly. No other foreign field offered any attraction.

On December 23, 1914, he delivered a trial sermon before a company of teachers, and was recommended to the next assembly for a minister's license. This was granted in May, 1915. During the next four years the young preacher was busily engaged in tent meetings and evangelistic work as singing evangelist. In 1919 he was recommended to the New England District Superintendent for the pastorate at Milo, Maine, the same church that Rev. and Mrs. Jenkins were leaving in view of their pending departure for Africa. The young minister accepted the offer, believing it to be of the Lord, but before leaving for his charge he took unto himself a wife, Miss Laura Hasley. They were married on June 15, 1919, and the next day the newly-weds boarded the train for Milo.

Miss Laura Hasley was a young pastor and home-mission worker who had been cherishing a "call" to the foreign mission field for many years. She was born on a farm near Searsboro, Iowa, and was reared by her grandparents. The Lord saved

her and called her to preach the gospel when she was little more than a child. Soon after this, when she was sanctified, the "call" to Africa was made distinct and imperative.

In her childhood Miss Laura was afflicted with a serious disease of the eyes which baffled the best specialists, and caused her to leave school at an early age. But when the Lord separated her unto Himself, He made it clear to her that she must return to school. Her friends feared that study would cause blindness, but Laura, although a very young Christian, reposed implicit confidence in her Lord, and she believed that if He wished her to attend school, He would make it possible for her to study. On the first morning, when she started to school, her eyes were still weak, but when she opened her book to study, she discovered that the healing touch had been applied on her way to school! Her eyes have never troubled her since that day!

By close application Miss Laura finished the graded and high schools in Searsboro in four years. But by that time the opposition of her family to her plan of becoming a preacher became so pronounced that she was forced to leave home to make her own way in the world. A whole volume could be filled with the moving details of this brave girl's struggle for her schooling and missionary training. But the Lord kept close to her side, strengthening her heart and directing her steps, thus aiding her to accomplish the seemingly impossible. She worked her way through a three years course in the Penn College Academy at Oskaloosa, Iowa, by washing, ironing, scrubbing, sewing and caring for children, subsisting during all of the time upon insufficient nourishment. She graduated in 1912. Then the Rev. Glenwood Stanley, at great personal sacrifice, sent her to the Cleveland Bible Institute, helping her financially during the first year. She worked her way again through the second year, and graduated in 1914. Some tears

were shed during those hard years, but the "call" to Africa was imperative, and Miss Laura feared to disobey God.

After her graduation, home missionary work in the mountains of West Virginia, and pastoral work in Iowa and Pennsylvania occupied her energies until her marriage to Lawrence Ferree in 1919.

During the young couple's first pastorate at Milo the burden for Africa became heavier on both their hearts. Both were ordained in 1920, and the following September they sent in their applications to the Missionary Board. At this time a relative offered them a new bungalow and a farm upon condition that they move into the house and work the farm, but they promptly rejected the offer, deeming it a greater privilege to obey God in Africa.

Four years of pastoral and evangelistic work in Nova Scotia and P. E. Island, followed the Milo pastorate. Then came the tidings of their appointment to Africa! With joyful hearts Rev. and Mrs. Ferree sailed from New York on June 9, and they reached Lourenco Marques in Portuguese East Africa July 25, 1925. This was twenty years after Laura Hasley Ferree first received her "call," and it was just before the fatal retrenchment which blasted the hopes of so many missionaries!

The new missionaries were first stationed at Manjacaze with Brother and Sister Jenkins. The medical work was entrusted to Rev. Ferree while he was learning the language. During the two years of their residence in the low, malarial region surrounding Manjacaze, where the deadly mosquitoes invade the grass-covered huts of the missionaries, and where the flour and cornmeal are full of weevils, worms and bugs, some of whom persist in getting into the food, Brother Ferree was kept busy attending to sick folks. He treated 4350 cases and extracted 188 teeth within the short period of nine months!

His knowledge of Chiropractics was an aid to him, although he relied chiefly on medicines in his practice.

Mrs. Ferree also was always busy and full of good cheer. While studying the language she became distressed because of her inability to preach in Shangaan. But, with the Lord's help, she designed a system of object lessons which she used to illustrate the vital doctrines of the New Testament, such as baptism, the second advent, and eternal punishment. Mounted on a big mule, she made a tour of the outstations delivering her illustrated sermon, with seekers at the altar at each place. She has been preaching in Shangaan ever since!

In July, 1927, the Council decided to send Brother and Sister Ferree to the Rand to pastor the three hundred or more Nazarene Christians in the compounds there. The good missionaries are expending their best energies in this unique field which presents some unusual problems and difficulties. Since there is no church building available for the miners, and since the municipal authorities will not permit the missionaries to receive natives into their home, all services must be conducted in the compounds, either in the open court or in the rooms of the Christian natives. But the Nazarene boys are distributed in forty-one different compounds, so that it is impossible for the missionaries to visit each place more than once each month. The need of church buildings where the Christians could be assembled is most apparent. The distances are very great, so that much of the missionaries' time is consumed in traveling, by train, by bicycle, by busses, by street-car, and on foot. Mrs. Ferree traveled over 1,000 miles on her "beloved bicycle" in seven and one-half months! The picture of her smiling face, as she sits perched on her trusty steed, proclaims the fact that this brave-hearted missionary is supremely happy and contented in the work of her Lord!

And truly the missionaries have reason to be glad, when in

their compound meetings young men and boys fall down before God, confess their sins, and plead for mercy! In October, 1927, fifty-one of these native miners, after faithfully serving their two years of probation, were baptized at Johannesburg, and received into full membership in the church. The transformed lives of these black trophies of grace are signal proofs of the efficacy of the cleansing blood, while the extent of their influence is beyond computation. And the good Book says that "the angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth!"

MISS SARAH MUNRO

Miss Munro is a Scotch lassie who was reared and educated in Dr. Hynd's native city, Perth, Scotland. Her parents are Christian people, and Miss Sarah's earliest recollections cluster about the family altar. When the daughter was fourteen years of age, her father and mother were sanctified wholly during a series of holiness meetings held in their city. When a Nazarene church was organized in their vicinity, they transferred their membership from the Baptist church to the new society.

Under the spiritual preaching of her new pastor, Miss Sarah was soon convicted of her need of salvation. She confessed her sins and was sweetly saved at the age of fourteen. Six years later she laid her young life upon the altar, a willing offering to God, to be used by Him according to His good pleasure. Soon after, while listening to a missionary address, the young girl's heart was strangely stirred when she realized that the Lord was calling her to labor for Him in the foreign field.

Since her heart and her life were already yielded to His will, the Lord proceeded, in His own way, to prepare His handmaiden for the work to which He had called her. After earnest prayer for guidance, the needs of suffering Africa were laid upon her heart, and Miss Munro was led to apply for nurse's training. At first she was informed that she must

wait a year, since she was too young to undertake the course. But after an interview with the matron, she was notified to report for duty at the end of seven weeks! So she commenced her training in the Royal Infirmary at Perth, February 7, 1921. After serving four years, she obtained her certificate as General Nurse, with honorable mention. She then supplemented the regular course with a six months'course of District Nursing at Edinburgh, also a course of maternity at the same institution.

After her graduation, Miss Munro was appointed District Nurse at Eyemouth, Berwickshire, Scotland. She labored sweetly and successfully in this capacity, carrying both sunshine and succor to the fisherfolk and the poor in her district. But after nine months she received her appointment to the new Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital at Bremersdorp, Swaziland, South Africa, where Dr. Hynd is the efficient superintendent.

Gladly the consecrated nurse made her preparations to hasten to the dark land whose needs pressed so heavily upon her heart. Her outfit and transportation were furnished by the British Isles District, which has also undertaken her support on the field. An impressive farewell service was held in the home church at Perth, when Miss Munro knelt at the altar, while her father laid his hands on her head for the family, and the pastor did the same for the local church and the district solemnly presenting her to the work of the church in Africa. Then at 9:30 p. m., on May 31, 1927, a large number of the saints assembled at the railroad station to bid their missionary nurse good speed, with songs of praise.

Miss Munro sailed from London on June 2, and reached Bremersdorp on July 8, 1927. Escorted by Dr. Hynd, she entered the Africa Council Meeting during the season of prayer which precedes the business sessions of the Council. It was

a happy occasion indeed! In Miss Bellew's report of the Council Meeting, she says,

"When we arose from our knees to greet this answer to prayers which had been ascending for months, our hearts were indeed filled with praise and gratitude to God because He had answered by sending this much needed reinforcement, and our hearts were again gladdened in the evening, when the new missionary gave her testimony of praise to God for His wonderful salvation, and for bringing her to Africa!"

The new nurse lost no time in adjusting herself to her place in the hospital, donning her white uniform in time to have her smiling face photographed in the missionary group which appears in Sister Fitkin's charming book, "A Trip to Africa." The distinguished American visitors, Sisters Fitkin and Bresee, reached the Council Meeting a day or two after the arrival of Miss Munro.

After one year of service in dark Africa, Miss Munro testifies that she is glad to be laboring in her chosen field. She loves to minister to the helpless sufferers under her care, and she esteems it a rare privilege to tell them of the love of Jesus who can heal the dread disease of sin. She praises God for the many souls who have found Christ at Bremersdorp, and is constantly in prayer that "other heart doors may be opened that the King of glory may enter in."

The British Isles District and the local church at Perth feel that they have given of their best, and they earnestly commend their precious young missionary "to the love, sympathy, and support of the entire church," believing that she will render service of which they will never need to be ashamed.

NEW MISSIONARIES

We take pleasure in introducing to our readers our new missionaries, Mr. William Clayton Esselstyn and his wife Margaret Patin Esselstyn, also Miss Fairy Chism, all of whom sailed to our African field June 27, 1928, immediately after the close of the General Assembly.

Mr. Esselstyn is a native of Michigan. He was a student at the Michigan State Agricultural College, but received his A. B. degree from Eastern Nazarene College, and his A. M. degree from Boston University. He was professor of History at Eastern Nazarene College from 1926 to 1928. The Lord called him to the foreign field, and he gladly obeys the call.

Mrs. Margaret Esselstyn was reared in Uhrichsville, Ohio. She was definitely called by God to the mission field, and sent her application for missionary service to the Board after hearing addresses by Mrs. Schmelzenbach and Myrtle Pelley.

Mrs. Esselstyn received her A. B. degree from Eastern Nazarene College in 1926. She also took nurse's training at the New York City Hospital.

Brother and Sister Esselstyn were married June 23, 1927. They will soon find their places on the field, perhaps in the Men's Training School. May the Lord's blessing attend their ministry, and make it abundantly fruitful in the salvation of precious souls.

Miss Fairy Chism is a member of the Nampa church, and a graduate of the Northwest Nazarene College. She has also served as pastor of the Church of the Nazarene at Baker, Oregon.

From earliest childhood Miss Chism has wished to become a missionary, and she realized a definite "call" in March, 1920. She possesses a charming personality, with the brilliant qualities of leadership. Under the unction of the Holy Spirit, she will no doubt become a valuable asset to the Swaziland work. Miss Robinson has long been waiting with open arms to receive her at the Girls' School.

The sketches in this little book cover all missionaries who are working for Africa under the Missionary Board of the Church of the Nazarene.

DR. CHARLES WEST also labored in Swaziland from 1921 to 1925. His coming was in answer to earnest prayer for a consecrated physician, called of God to minister to the suffering natives so greatly in need of medical attention. Dr. West was eminently successful, both in his ministry and in his medical practice, but in 1925 he was transferred to China to preside over the Bresee Memorial Hospital at Taimingfu. Consequently he belongs to the China group of missionaries, and his life sketch will appear with theirs.

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